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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

The war has not been marked during the week by any event of outstanding military importance. The Russians are developing the situation in Asia Minor normally, and the Turks, who loosened their hold on Armenia to save Baghdad and take Kut, have not yet reduced the handful of worn-out British troops under General Townshend. General Pétain seems to have decisively resumed the initiative at Verdun, at least in a local sense. Britain has had the chief share of the enemy's attention. During Wednesday night and Thursday there were attacks at numerous points on the British front. The most serious was at Loos, where gas was sent over the front and support trenches. Everywhere the assaults were either repulsed, or the momentary gains quickly recovered. At Loos the counter-attack was gallantly made by the Irish troops. These small affairs may be the prelude to a serious attempt on some particular sector of the front; but it seems more probable they are associated with the Irish enterprise, the air raids, and the naval bombardments, in a general scheme of assault upon British *moral*. They have no military value, and are not likely to produce any moral effect. The haste of the people of Lowestoft to dig up souvenirs after the bombardment by the battle cruisers is a good sample of the failure of such hopes.

A COMPLEX series of operations against this country began last Friday with the appearance of a German auxiliary, disguised as a Dutch trading vessel, and a German submarine off the West Coast of Ireland. The auxiliary was stopped by a patrol and ordered to follow it to Queenstown. It was rough weather and no prize crew could be put on board. After following the patrol for a certain distance the auxiliary flew the German flag

and sank herself. The crew was saved, and from a collapsible boat put out by the submarine were taken two men and Sir Roger Casement. The vessel, presumably, was carrying arms and ammunition; but Sir Roger Casement's rôle is not so easy to understand. The Germans apparently were determined upon his capture in the hope that, if shot, his fate might inflame Ireland. Some part of the plan clearly went astray, for the rising of Sinn Feiners in Dublin on Monday was, presumably, meant to follow immediately. The rebels occupied St. Stephen's Green, took possession of the Post Office, cutting the telegraphic and telephonic wires, held Liberty Hall, the Four Courts, the Dublin City Hall, Westland Row Station, and Broadstone Station. Eleven insurgents were killed, and at least thirty soldiers, police, and loyal volunteers, were killed or wounded. Martial law was proclaimed in Dublin, and later throughout Ireland. The disturbance seems to have spread to the south and west, and the rebels still hold parts of Dublin.

THIS Irish rising, small and abortive as it must be, was worked up in preparatory parades of the rebel volunteers with which the whole Irish world has been ringing for months. The news created great commotion in Parliament. The Government were angrily assailed by Lord Midleton and others for their *lâches*, and Mr. Birrell was rather pointedly asked why he lingered in London when Dublin was in a state of siege. The Cabinet at first minimized the situation, and declared the rising to be well in hand, but on the following day admitted that the rebels had only been dislodged from St. Stephen's Green, that they held the public buildings they had seized, and that the rising was not confined to the capital. A rigid censorship was (need we say?) imposed on the press, and, at first, even comment was forbidden. In comparison, our "foreign friends" in America were given a full account of the situation, lest Germany should mis-describe it.

ONE healing sign has appeared in this troubled Irish world. On Thursday Sir Edward Carson made an open tender of co-operation with Mr. Redmond "to denounce and put down these rebels." Mr. Redmond might have retorted that they were not Sir Edward Carson's rebels, but he wisely refrained, and in a memorable sentence declared on behalf of his colleagues, and of the "overwhelming majority of the people of Ireland," his "horror and detestation" of the *émeute*. It is this attitude, and this alone, which saves the Irish situation. Mr. Redmond will, of course, be the most powerful factor in re-settlement, but we hope that Regulars and not Irish Volunteers will be the main instrument of the actual use of military force.

ON Monday night a Zeppelin raid occurred over the Eastern Counties, and the airships seem to have acted as scouts for the German battle cruiser squadron which, with light cruisers and destroyers, bombarded Lowestoft and Yarmouth on Tuesday morning at 4.30. There were few casualties and little damage, but the German ships got off scot free. They were chased by some of our ships; but there seems to have been a complete

disparity between the forces, and, on the face of it, the Germans were free to move across the sea without detection for a considerable number of hours. It is clear that our Navy cannot be everywhere; but it is not the German Navy which keeps us from visiting the German coasts. They have very carefully arranged minefields. The moral effect of the raid and of the Zeppelin raids on the subsequent nights is so slight that the whole episode seems more like comedy than war. But we trust our scouting arrangements in the North Sea are not so easily evaded as at first sight they appear to be.

* * *

WE live in a world of make-believe. The Prime Minister, driven by internal difficulties to reverse his policy on conscription, and to pronounce for that general policy of compulsion which he and Lord Kitchener declared to be unnecessary, has used the ingenious method of a Secret Session of both Houses of Parliament in which to announce this change and make it palatable to the Labor members. The further device was used of a secret conference between Mr. Asquith, Lord Kitchener, and Mr. Law, on the one hand, and the trade union leaders on the other. The "secrecy" was defended by one of the most sweeping Orders in Council ever promulgated. This document not only forbade the press to "describe" or even "refer to" (1) the proceedings, save so far as they were reflected in the official report (which merely described the Ministers' statements) but generally ordered everybody (including Members of Parliament) to abstain by speech or publication from reference to "Cabinet proceedings," or from publishing any "confidential" "document" or "information" obtained from any person in the service of the Crown. This is practically an order to Cabinet Ministers and others to refrain from talking confidentially with journalists, a practice that has prevailed since journalists and politicians existed, and will prevail long after this Order in Council is forgotten.

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THIS Muzzling Order would have been more to the point had it seemed likely that there was anything in particular to muzzle. The secret session was duly held on Tuesday in both Houses, and extended in the House of Commons to Wednesday, and its fruit was a statement by the Prime Minister, embodying the schemes whose purport had already been made known. The plan took shape in two Bills, both of which—Secret Session or no Secret Session—had to be exposed to full debate and criticism in both Houses of Parliament. The minor Bill, which came first, extended the service of time-expired men to the end of the war, empowered the military to transfer the Territorials to other units (thus disintegrating the force), made exempted men liable for service as soon as their certificate expired, and, above all, conscripted all boys after their eighteenth birthday.

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THE major proposal directly conflicts with the Prime Minister's assurances as to the finality of the first measure of conscription. It gives the unattested married four weeks' grace (ending with May 27th) to enlist, and provides that if 50,000 men are not then enrolled, and less than 15,000 in any ensuing week, the whole class shall be taken by force. We are therefore in for a further period of examination by tribunals, a struggle for exemption, the persecution and forcible enrolment of conscientious objectors, a fresh crop of anomalies and absurdities, and a final gathering in of a negligible number of recruits, backed by boys, most of whom can hardly be available for months to come.

THIS mean procedure was speedily avenged. The day after the second secret sitting the House met to hear Mr. Long's public statement of the case for the first of the new Conscription Bills. He made a labored apology, which all sections of the House rejected. Sir Edward Carson exposed the cruelty of calling on time-expired men, after their exhausting service and the formation of new business ties, which will now have to be broken. Others denounced the cutting up of the Territorial force and the folly of dragging mere boys from their school-desks or their first year at the University. Some members, including Mr. Walsh, called for "conscription all round," on the illusory ideal of "equality of sacrifice"; others, like Mr. Leif Jones, pointed the moral of a bad and faithless policy, every development of which was almost equally anomalous. In the whole House, the Government hardly found a friend, and in the end Mr. Asquith was compelled to withdraw his Bill. He is now faced with the fresh dilemma that in his secret meeting with the representatives he promised a new resort to voluntary recruiting. This may now be cancelled, for the pressure in favor of a general measure of compulsion is stronger than ever. The Government deserves no pity, but its embarrassment is extreme.

* * *

IN our view the most inexcusable of all the Government's proposals is that of a canvass of the unattested married men to secure immediate recruits. As a principle, this is perfectly sound, and if the voluntary appeal had been used more intelligently at an earlier stage, we can hardly doubt that we should have had one crisis and one compromise the less. But now the Government make an appeal for 200,000 recruits in fourteen weeks, and demand the immediate enlistment of these men under pain of compulsion, when they would have the right of appeal and the chance of escape. This stamps the scheme as almost a blackmailing makeshift, that has not even the merit of promising to achieve what is wanted.

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THE first four weeks must yield 50,000 and each subsequent four weeks must show an acceleration, and produce 60,000 until the 200,000 is complete. How can there be any justification for fixing upon a number of these dimensions when the Government have no knowledge of the number to be secured from the attested married men? They have presumably agreed upon the dimensions of the Armies. They know the number of men at present with the colors. There is an additional supply to come from the attested married men. And without waiting to find out what this is, they state that the Armies they require will be constituted when 200,000 is added to this unknown number. To obtain this arbitrary number we are to resort to the private cajolery of men, in order that they may forego the right of appeal which would be theirs under compulsion. There is no recognition of the fact that to obtain 50,000 fit men, 200,000 may have to be medically examined. There is no recognition that there may not be 100,000 fit men who are really eligible. To secure the 200,000 it will be necessary that one out of every five of the remaining unattested married men should be not only fit but eligible. Surely the Government have learned the lesson of the Military Service Act.

* * *

THE case becomes aggravated when one examines the scheme of financial relief which is proposed to help the fathers of families to go forth to battle gladly. Relief will be given in respect of rent, mortgage interest, instalments for the purchase of businesses or furniture,

taxes, rates, insurance premiums, and school fees. The list seems fairly adequate, though how it is to help a young housewife of the professional classes to *live* is not so clear. She can insure against her husband's death (though not in battle). And for her own sustenance she has the separation allowance and the 50 per cent. increase in prices. How does this scheme pretend to relieve middle-class married men whose rent and rates alone may come to more than the £104 limit, and who may pay another £100 in insurance premiums? It is upon these that the greatest hardship will fall in any case, and the Government scheme has not apparently considered their position. The Ministry can only, with decency, propose the conscription of men by adding the conscription of wealth, *i.e.*, by making the people who stay at home maintain those who go to war.

* * *

THE Russians are clearing up the position in Asia Minor, though for the moment the fall of Trebizond seems to have simplified the Turkish problem. Now that the port has fallen, they have withdrawn westward and inland. The latter avenue of escape helps the reinforcement of the Turks who are fighting in the Upper Chorokh Valley. It is probably owing to this reinforcement that there has been an increasing intensity in the fighting about the junction of the Erzerum-Trebizond and Erzerum-Erzincan roads. The resistance continues at this point, and the struggle has now been raging for some days. As to the immediate neighborhood of Trebizond, the Russians continue to drive the Turks westward, and landings have been made east of the port to assist in the advance. This is a significant operation, which may threaten to turn any Turkish line from the Black Sea. Towards the interior of the country the road has not yet been cleared. But no doubt the time is being usefully spent in replenishing supplies and ammunition.

* * *

THERE has been fighting during the week in the Bitlis direction and near Kharput. These two places suggest the firmness of the Russian hold on Asia Minor. Kharput is but a short distance from Diarbekr, from which place the Baghdad railway would be threatened. In the Bitlis area the Grand Duke has pressed southward; but the Turks are resisting vigorously. Little has been heard recently of the Russians in Persia, and it seems probable that the Turks have been diverted to hold the Kermanshah road. But their difficulties tend to increase, and when the Trebizond road has been finally cleared and the way is open for supplies to the interior, they seem certain to reach a critical stage. The position east of Kut, in spite of gallant attempts to break the Turkish lines, remains practically unchanged.

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ON Sunday and Monday the Turks attacked British outposts in Egypt at Dueidar and Katia. The first is but fifteen and the second twenty-five miles from the Suez Canal. The Royal Scots, who were stationed at Dueidar, a company strong, held the place gallantly against heavy odds, and inflicted losses on the assailants. The fighting at Katia oasis, which we had only occupied about a week, was of a more serious character. The attacking force consisted of 1,000 Germans and picked Turkish infantry, and the Gloucestershire Hussars with the Warwick and Worcester Yeomanry, being greatly outnumbered, fell back, inflicting severe losses in a rearguard action. The Worcester Yeomanry made a stubborn stand, but some of them having lost their horses, were taken prisoners. An aeroplane attack upon the Turkish camp upon Monday caused such damage that the Turks left the oasis. The

War Office report states that the Turks lost heavily; but this does not completely explain why small outposts should be liable to attacks by such superior forces.

* * *

THE final American Note to the German Government has been presented in Berlin, and its text published. The wording is courteous but decisive. Its argument has already been anticipated, in some passages textually, in Mr. Wilson's Message to Congress. After reciting the facts of the "Sussex" outrage, and pointing out that this was only the climax of a long series, it draws the conclusion that no attempt to throw blame on individual submarine commanders will meet the case. The American Government has tried, it continues, to find in compromise the means of mitigating the horror of these tragedies, but on a review of the whole history of the submarine campaign, it is obliged to recur to its original standpoint. The submarine is by its nature a vessel whose operations against commerce cannot be rendered consistent with the elementary dictates of humanity and international law. The dispatch concludes, therefore, with a plain demand that these operations shall cease, both against merchant and against passenger ships, and adds that, failing an assent to this demand, the United States will be compelled to break off diplomatic relations with Germany.

* * *

MR. WILSON is to be congratulated on his escape in this trenchant Note from the fruitless discussion of detail in which American diplomacy had become involved. Events have shown that no distinction can be observed by submarine commanders between armed and unarmed, passenger and merchant ships, and even the elementary distinction between neutral and belligerent had become blurred. The submarine is a formidable weapon when it is prepared to sink at sight everything that floats. The moment it attempted to observe the rules of visit and search, its own dangers would be so increased that it would become nearly useless. The only satisfactory course from the standpoint of humanity and law is to prohibit its use as a commerce-destroyer. This is, we take it, the meaning of the Note, and Mr. Wilson, in taking this high ground, was evidently anxious to avoid a renewed discussion over details, to be followed by yet another of those assurances which cannot be fulfilled. He has asked for a prompt reply, it is said within three days, and the sinking of a Norwegian vessel off the Irish coast, with the loss of a boat's crew, points the case for urgency. Mr. Wilson has ordered the taking of an industrial census of trades subsidiary to war, and the continued disclosures of the doings of German agents in the States suggest that Germany is becoming impossible as a friend.

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THE German answer is expected to be published on Saturday. The semi-official press is preparing the German public for a considerable surrender. The Allies, it argues, hope for a German-American rupture, and this Germany must, even at great cost, avoid. Some compromise or face-saving formula will doubtless be proposed. It may turn on the question of armed merchantmen. A fresh memorandum by Mr. Lansing repeats the views of the U.S.A. on this subject. The defensive armament of merchantmen is legitimate, but a ship which fights or flees when summoned to stop, may be fairly attacked. Merchantmen which carry aggressive armament or pursue a tactic of attack must not expect to be treated as vessels of commerce in U.S.A. ports. There is not much basis here for a compromise. If a submarine must always summon its victims to stop, and visit before sinking, it cannot operate freely in waters that are well policed.

Politics and Affairs.

THE GOVERNMENT'S WANT OF FAITH.

THE Government have called Parliament together, under a pledge which cuts it off from true association with the nation, and explained to this secret assembly their reasons for requiring another 500,000 men by various methods of compulsion. As they had to submit their proposals to full and searching investigation in Parliament, the object of this primitive device was not clearly discernible. Its effect, at least, was exemplary. Parliament met in public, and, in a few hours' debate, tore the first of the new Conscription Bills to tatters, and forced its withdrawal. The nation, we think, is disposed to go even further than the House of Commons. It will require of the Administration an account of what it has done with the 3,500,000 men it has already recruited. We do not observe that these levies, stiffened by the magnificent corps from the Dominions, are anywhere engaged in what the military man calls an "initiative." One such initiative has failed in Gallipoli; and since that brilliant but unhappy feat of arms, the soldiers in the field have been restricted to defence. They are defending the lines of France, of Flanders, of Salonika, of the Tigris, and of the Suez Canal, and they are engaged in putting down an *émeute* in the streets of Dublin. The Navy is similarly occupied in warding off aeroplanes from Dover, airships from the East Coast, cruisers from Lowestoft, gun-runners from the Irish coast, and submarines from a number of European seas.

There is no need to describe most of the German operations of annoyance as decisive of anything in particular. But the mere repelling of such attacks does not represent a commanding employment of the great resources of men and material now in the hands of the Executive. The nation has been generous. But when it yields up its stores of human material, it really lends, and will ultimately insist on knowing the kind of investment that has been made of them. It gives much; what is it given in return? Nothing political. Its liberties go one by one. Its rights of knowledge, of inquiry, of free criticism, opinion, and statement, of the refusal of bodily service when its conscience forbids, have all been surrendered. Does, then, the military conduct of this great enterprise compensate the nation for the retrenchment of its freedom? In this regard, its attitude to the Government is that of the soldier to the officer. If the soldier feels that he is in good, competent, thoughtful hands, he is satisfied, even if things do not always go as he wishes. If not, the basis of his inner loyalty is sapped. He becomes unhappy and timorous, neither eager in advance nor calm in retreat. And when a nation finds all the vital processes of direction concealed from it, when it sees Parliament, the greatest of its institutions and its chief safeguard against tyranny, turned into a mere creature and auditor of the Executive, while the material results of this method of government are plainly disappointing, it begins to suspect that something more is wanted than an unceasing call for efforts and sacrifices. We are no doubt muddling on to victory. But we see few signs of its organization.

If, therefore, the nation is to brace itself effectually for the second half of the struggle, in which it will have not only to suffer things from the enemy and repel them, but endeavor to do things to him, it must renew its confidence in the ordering of the war. The revolt in

Dublin is not of a character to alarm it. It will be suppressed, for the good and sufficient reason that Home Rule, though lamentably late, is a reality of our politics, and that the Irish people have a sufficiently good assurance of liberty to defend it against the license of extremists. But for those who look beyond the surface of politics, the outbreak of the Sinn Féin faction has two main causes. It is the long-dreaded rebound from the Carson rebellion, the fatal crop that has grown from that sowing of dragon's teeth in a soil always fertile to such a growth. We warned the Government, when Sir Edward Carson and his friends proceeded to organize rebellion in the King's realm, that unless they were firmly dealt with, the evil example of a resort to force would again corrode Ireland. The ideal of physical force was fast disappearing; the drillings of Ulster revived it. So when the war came, it instantly brought the Nemesis, not merely of the Carsonite movement, but of the Government's weakness in delaying the grant of full responsibility to Nationalist Ireland. Secondly, the revolt is aimed almost as much at Mr. Redmond as at the British Government. There is nothing the extremist hates more than success; it is his grievance, not the satisfaction of it, which is his real care in politics. Unhappily the Government have not reaped the full benefit of Mr. Redmond's great departure in Irish statesmanship. The process of recruiting has been disfigured by the way in which, in many districts, it was dissociated from the Nationalist Party, and given over to Irishmen out of touch with the people. On the one hand, Nationalism was affronted by such an appointment as that of Mr. Campbell; on the other, it felt deprived of the full power to carry out the treaty of peace with England. The *émeute* has occurred in the period of half-responsibility. It has no military importance; the slight consequence it possesses arises from the *lâches* of the authorities, who chose to disregard the impudent parades of the Sinn Féiners long after their purpose was evident. The aim of British statesmanship must be, first, to put down the revolt, and, secondly, to strip it of political importance. It is an episode, ugly, but inconsequential, for the simple reason that the main instrument of its defeat is Mr. Redmond's perfect loyalty to the bond under which Ireland will soon be a self-governing country. It cannot therefore draw us into a denial of the right to national freedom, under whose banner we took our stand in this war. If we allow it to assume this form, when it is merely a rebuke to our political sloth, we are lost, for the war will then fast degenerate into a mere battle of tyrannies.

It is here that the danger of the Coalition has always lain. It is an expedient, divorced from principles. Its end tends, therefore, to be merely one of self-preservation. It is threatened by the disunion from within which springs from its duality of origin and character. It flies to secrecy and the cajolery of Parliament, coupled with the muzzling of the press, for it has nothing stable to rely on in either institution. War, under modern conditions, is the parent of secrecy, and there is its excuse, especially against faction or the mere reckless curiosity of journalism. But its preoccupation with these prudential or merely egoistic fears, and its divided thought and *personnel*, weaken it for executive action. Is it not better for a Government to have one mind, instead of two? There can be but one answer to this question, and it is for that reason that we lament that last week Mr. Asquith did not decide for a unified Ministry. Had he so decided, he might have had one party at his feet, and the other at least respectful. Because he did not so decide, we are threatened with more compulsion—compulsion of schoolboys, compulsion of

the married, compulsion of soldiers who have done their bit in the war, coupled with a further driving of industry to the inevitable point at which it can no longer sustain the burdens imposed upon it. We know that the reasons for this step are political, and that, had the Prime Minister been able to impose order and a single will on the Government, this fresh resort to force might have been avoided. We know, too, that with the application of coercion to the unattested married men, the results must be more meagre and more difficult and costly to realize, than in the case of the single men. The material gain will be smaller than ever; and those who look to spiritual factors in war as well as in peace, will decline to measure it against the further loss of unity in the nation. Does anyone doubt that the Coalition is losing ground? Is it surprising that constituencies like Wimbledon should all but reject its candidatures and run to any wild and hasty enterprise directed against them? The state of the war has something to do with it; but the nation is naturally stable and could easily be fortified against mere lassitude. But it is rarely appealed to, or even spoken to. To-day its reward is to be smitten with a fresh plague of darkness, accompanied by new forms of coercion, which flit before its eyes through the gloom of a dark *séance* of Parliament, unlit even by the uncertain flashlights of the press. It stumbles along, unguided and unhelped, believing—and well believing—in its soldier sons, but growing more and more sceptical of men who are so cynically distrustful of it.

THE ABUSE OF SECRECY.

THERE is no instinct more salutary or more deeply rooted in a democracy than a distrust of secrecy in every branch of the nation's business. From trials in camera to secret clauses in treaties, every device of the kind suggests absolutism and its distrust of the people. A secret sitting of Parliament is a specially offensive infraction of the rule of publicity, and the House of Commons in destroying in one day's open sitting a measure commended to it in two secret assemblies has given this practice and its authors a blow which they have richly deserved. Parliament is responsible directly, as the Courts are not at all, and the Executive only indirectly to the electors, and to withhold its proceedings from them is to cancel their ultimate power of choice and control. We are, however, confronted with the apparently paradoxical fact that in the present instance the proposal for a Secret Session came from the democratic Left Wing. It was the Labor representative in the Cabinet who pressed it in this country, as it is the Socialist party which has pressed for it in France, so far without success. The French precedent is, however, no parallel to our own case. When the parties of the Left in the Chamber were dissatisfied with the administration of MM. Viviani and Millerand, their demand was not primarily for the disclosure of delicate facts. The facts both about the diplomatic position in the Balkans and the military position at home were officially known to an appreciable section of the Chamber. They had been disclosed to the two committees which deal with foreign and military affairs, and the sharp difference of opinion which had followed on their disclosure, between the Ministers and the majorities of these two committees was the origin of the crisis. The demand for a secret session was an appeal from these expert committees to the whole Chamber against the Ministry. What M. Painlevé in par-

ticular proposed on behalf of the committees was that their confidential reports, addressed by way of protest to the Ministry, should be communicated to the Chamber. These deputies evidently believed that if they were free to put their view of a perplexed position to the whole Chamber, it would command general assent, and their case was really so strong and so generally known, that in the event, MM. Viviani and Millerand preferred to resign, and no secret session took place. Mr. Henderson may have taken the hint from his French Socialist comrades, but if so, he misread the parallel. The French Left knew the facts and it had a policy. It believed that only a frank debate in private was necessary in order to overrule the decisions of a Ministry which it distrusted. It called for secrecy, in short, with the clear object of ensuring that what was presumably the popular will should prevail.

The test in any given instance, as to whether a limited and exceptional secrecy is compatible with democracy, depends on the answer to a simple question. Does it enlarge or restrict the effective exercise of democratic control? Where a domain of policy has been in practice withheld from Parliamentary supervision, a secret debate which allowed the full disclosure of facts, a frank debate upon them, and an unfettered vote free from the coercion of the Whips, might be a gain. If any of these conditions was absent, the privileges would be, from first to last, illusory. Not one of these conditions can easily be realized in Parliament as we know it. Is it conceivable that any Government would communicate with confidence facts which really were delicate, unknown, and confidential, to an assembly of a thousand men? It might be able to prevent their diffusion by the press, but it would certainly reckon, if it knew human nature, on their gradual percolation downwards from Mayfair and the Clubs to "Change" and the bar-parlor, and on their distortion and exaggeration in the process. Secrecy cannot be guaranteed, and there will therefore be no full disclosure of facts which really are at once delicate and unknown. Further, if new and important facts were suddenly disclosed to an unprepared House, it is not likely that the subsequent debate would express a matured opinion worthy of much consideration. The House would be guided by its Ministerial leaders, who had long been familiar with the facts. Finally, it is obvious that if the House is to be treated seriously as a deliberative assembly, fit to decide on confidential knowledge the gravest issues of national policy, it must vote freely, without pressure from the Whips. The difficulty of realizing these three conditions seems to us so great in the House as it exists to-day, that the presumption against the utility of any secret session must be overwhelming. The case for it, if case there could be, would arise more naturally, if the issue were one of foreign policy, than on to-day's problem of recruiting. If the question were one of concluding or denouncing an alliance, a private debate might be useful, not because it would disclose unknown facts to the House, but because it would enable members to state frankly views of national interest and preference, which might prejudice our relations if they were published abroad. Such a debate would be a gain, simply because the Executive, acting for the Crown, has hitherto made treaties without any previous consultation of Parliament. The question of recruiting, on the other hand, is an issue of domestic policy which has always been under the full control of the House, and has always been debated publicly and frankly. The expedient of a secret session is in this

instance not an extension, but a diminution of democratic control.

The objection to secrecy in such conditions goes much deeper than a fundamental and instinctive opposition to any cause which withholds from the nation the full knowledge of essential facts. There are grave objections to any genuine secret deliberation, but the objections to a sham secrecy are even stronger. We do not believe that the whole facts can be disclosed to a miscellaneous body of a thousand men, including "back-woods" peers, who are not even representative of their caste. If they could safely be divulged to so large and mixed an assembly, they might as well be published to the whole people. Nor do we believe that the debate on facts, suddenly and partially disclosed, could be of much value, and as little do we suppose that the House has voted freely. An unreal discussion, thanks to the element of mystery and unfamiliarity, will none the less be used to give to the action of the Executive a wholly illusory sanction. Throughout last week we all knew that the Cabinet was acutely divided. Any decision which it had reached, would have come to the plain citizen as a disputable act of policy. "Some of the twenty-three," he would have said, "were for this decision, but others were against it. All of them knew the facts, and, therefore, I, who know only some of the facts, shall be in good company, whichever opinion they adopt." From this embarrassment, the secret session seems a relief. "These thousand men, Commons and Peers," the plain man is expected to say, "knew all the facts. What they decided after full debate is good enough for me."

But did they know the facts; did they frankly debate; and did they freely decide? The hurried inexpert decision of the thousand is worth much less than the careful expert decision of the twenty-three, and yet by a trick of the imagination it seems to be more. We dread a precedent which invites a divided and somewhat discredited Executive to rehabilitate its authority by a recourse to the expedient of a secret debate. We dread it above all, because it makes an insidious appeal to the vanity of the average Member. He seems to be receiving confidential information, not as a right, but as a favor. He will go about in the world with an added halo of importance because his brain is charged with these weighty matters. Every confidence, in public as in private life, sets up in some measure the deplorable and childish atmosphere of the conspiracy and the secret society. The importance of the mystery is exaggerated; those who control it become demi-gods; and those who share it gain an artificial and dangerous cohesion. The true meaning of this disastrous innovation is that while it seems to give a fictitious importance to the private member, it adds in reality a subtle and risky element to the authority of the Cabinet. This is the abuse of secrecy.

We hold as strongly that secrecy may have a use. The proper use of it would be to our thinking the creation of small standing committees of the Commons on the French model, which might question Ministers in private on the whole range of their policy. For Foreign Affairs, and to a less extent for military policy, such committees would be an invaluable addition to the machinery of democratic control. To them secrets would come of right, and not as a concession or a bribe. Because they consisted only of a few chosen men, the disclosure and debate could be frank, and they would work beyond the reach of the party Whip. We regard all secrecy, even in diplomacy, as an evil, but in so far as it must be tolerated, the only machinery apt to control it is some select and permanent Committee.

TURKEY, TREBIZOND, AND TOWNSHEND.

It is time to look closely into the situation in Asia Minor. The Russians have already over-run a considerable area of Armenia and Kurdistan. But the consequences for Turkey do not clearly flow from a mere recital of the number of square miles occupied. It is true that Russia holds probably as much of the territory of her enemies as they hold of hers; but towards the end of last September, Russia established equilibrium with the Germanic forces in Europe, and has now at least double the trained troops she had then, and probably double or treble the equipment, whereas, so far, Turkey shows no sign of being able to cope with the Russian advance. Indeed, the Turks seem to have lost all sense of proportion, and to be bent on waiting for the surrender of some few thousands of worn-out troops, while they have already lost a province, and are risking the loss of the whole Mesopotamian force.

The capture of Trebizond was a striking success, and the Grand Duke deserves our hearty congratulations. But the manner in which the campaign has been carried out is a point of far greater importance than its achievement. The terrain in which the battles have been fought at once defies and stimulates leadership. It would be difficult to exaggerate the difficulties of a winter campaign in such country. No general willingly accepts the challenge of such a thicket of hills, and of the winter season in high altitudes. Tracks available in summer simply disappear in the snows of winter, and thus simplify the task of defence, which has only to hold certain main roads. Yet from the first the Grand Duke's campaign has been brilliantly carried out, and our admiration of the skilful leading is as inevitably called forth by the courage and endurance of the troops. Tasks like the storming of the bridge at Koprokeui have sometimes been equalled, but never surpassed in the war.

Piece by piece, the various parts of the campaign were fitted together like an intricate puzzle, and the advance seems to have taken the nature of a series of leaps. At the correct moment a sudden advance from Melashkert shepherded the two Turkish divisions operating there towards Mush, and they became of no further service to Erzerum. At the fortress, again, General Yudenoff rushed the position the day after the fall of the outer forts, before the Turks had time to come to a decision as to the defence. The same thing happened at Trebizond. One day a hard-fought battle turns in the Russian favor, the next a short march is made. But on the following day the Russians are in Trebizond. After the fall of Erzerum, Bitlis was rapidly secured. That is one of the exits of Armenia. Now Trebizond, the second door, has been captured.

In the face of this sure handling of the situation, the Turkish resistance was wavering and inept. The Russians are probably using considerable forces in this area; but they cannot far outnumber the Turkish resources if they were skilfully handled. The Turks had a difficult problem to solve. They wished to reduce Kut, and they had to hold Baghdad against the Russian threat from Persia. But when it was decided to initiate a counter-offensive, the effect was that of a series of weak blows on the Russian left at Bitlis, on their centre, on their right. While the Grand Duke was content to make but slow progress over the bulk of this front, and make sure of a new base before advancing much further, the Turks were striking weakly everywhere. The counter-offensive came to nothing.

The capture of Trebizond establishes the Russian position in Armenia; and, in a little while, down this new artery there will be flowing the seeds of further

advances. Erzingan, on the main road to Constantinople, should fall. There has already been fighting towards Kharput. From Bitlis and Kharput, Diarbekr should be easily taken; but once that is in Russian hands the Baghdad railway is threatened. The Turks, it is said, are to stand at Sivas, a point midway between the terminus of the Constantinople railway at Angora and Erzingan. But this position can be turned from the north, and if we had but the force, or if the Russians could spare the troops, might be taken in rear from Alexandretta. It will be interesting to see what the next step of the Russians will be. It seems hardly possible that it can redeem our own plight in Mesopotamia; but it is not improbable it may take vengeance for us. For unless the Turks can keep the Baghdad railway open, their chances of escape do not appear very bright, and no doubt the Grand Duke has before him the possibilities of cutting off the whole Mesopotamian force. We cannot estimate the immediacy of that issue until we know more of the strength of his armies in this area. But the chance is there, and the present Russian achievement would have been thought impossible at the beginning of the year.

Our own operations in Mesopotamia throw into stronger relief the Russian successes. There is no need to depreciate the gallantry and skill with which the earlier part of the campaign was conducted. Up to the capture of Kut it had been uniformly successful, a pageant in little of the resources of our Empire. River operations which find no place in the text-books had been carried out with that fertility of imagination that has ever distinguished the Navy. Well-led but little cared for, black and white had fought gallantly side by side not only against the Turks, but against the numerous hardships of tropical weather. But when we examine the advance from Kut we find ourselves in the mist which hangs over the past of this, the oldest country of the world. Inquiry it is clear we must have, and full debate in Parliament.

When Lord Crewe said that "the plan had been carefully thought out by the Commander-in-Chief in Mesopotamia, Sir John Nixon, and the force which was set apart for it was by universal military opinion considered to be sufficient," he was plainly using ambiguous language. Does "the force" include reinforcements, and when were these supposed to arrive? It is clear that the British expected reinforcements, and unless these were included in the plans we can only regard the decision to advance as summer madness. Let it be granted that General Townshend only missed taking Baghdad by the few days required for re-watering after Ctesiphon. With little over a division of troops he could only have exchanged a siege in Baghdad for his present plight at Kut. We can only conclude that the plans must have included reinforcements; but as these came up so belatedly, what must have happened to General Townshend if he had been so much nearer the Turkish bases and so much farther from ours?

As it is, we certainly contributed to the Russian successes. We bewildered the Turkish command, and the readjusted dispositions must have helped the Grand Duke considerably. How the campaign here will develop it is idle to guess. We still hold below Kut some of the richest country in the world. We can maintain ourselves there, and we feel confident that the Russians will add to their laurels by clearing the Mesopotamian area as they have cleared Armenia. But the success of the first phase of the British share in the operations will be overlaid by the folly of the later stages. The episode is not a great one. Its moral is the old story of failure in execution.

THE WAR AND BRITISH LIBERTIES.

II.—SECRET TRIAL OR NO TRIAL.

IN the suppression of civil rights under the Defence of the Realm Act, there are two powers of so menacing a character as to deserve special note, viz., the power of secret trial, and the power of arrest and imprisonment without trial. A number of cases brought under the Act have been tried *in camera* without any pretence that a public trial could disclose to the enemy knowledge of the least service to him, the only reason that could justify such a course. Though the Act itself gave power to the Court at its discretion to hear evidence *in camera*, it soon became a practice to accede to the mere demand of the Public Prosecutor that the whole case be heard *in camera*. Not only so, but magistrates have refused to state reasons for their exercise of this discretion, or to hear in public any argument against that exercise. This withdrawal of the right of public trial is a grave injury not merely to the defendant but to the public. A court hearing a case *in camera* is no court of justice. It lacks the essentials of justice; first, security for the defendant against that conspiracy between the executive and the judiciary, whereby the will of the former can be imposed as the act of the Court, which history shows to be the usual result of secret hearings; secondly, that public knowledge of the evidence in the case requisite to ensure general confidence in the justice of the verdict. For it is essential not only that justice should be done, but that it should be known to have been done. Secret trials negate both these conditions.

The general body of a people, though little acquainted with the detailed tenor of its history, manages to catch and to conserve in a few selected memories certain events and institutions of supreme significance. Amongst our people one such expresses in the execrated term "Star Chamber" the public horror lest a man should be seized by an executive officer, set on secret trial, and put away. Another is contained in the revered words "Habeas Corpus," "whereby," to quote the words of Blackstone,

"it is enacted that if any person be committed by the King himself in person, or by the Privy Council, or by any member thereof, he shall have granted to him, without any delay upon any pretence whatsoever, a writ of *habeas corpus* upon demand or motion made to the Court of King's Bench or Common Pleas; who shall thereupon, within three days after the return is made, examine and determine the legality of such commitment and do what in justice shall appertain in delivering, bailing, or remedying such prisoner."

In other words, "Habeas Corpus" implies a full legal security against arbitrary imprisonment by the Executive without trial. Macaulay describes it as "the most stringent curb that ever legislature imposed on tyranny." The Tory Doctor Johnson found in it "the single advantage which our Government has over that of other countries." This safeguard of British liberty has been annulled by the Order of the Council of June 10th, 1915. In virtue of this order a number of British subjects, men and women, have been arrested and kept in imprisonment without any formal charge being made against them, and without trial. Three points are worthy of note in this order. In the case of persons of British origin, the ground of arrest is "hostile associations." This vague term exposes to arbitrary arrest a large part of our population. For anybody with acquaintances in Germany, Austro-Hungary, Bulgaria, or Turkey, or with acquaintances of enemy origin, whether naturalized or not, resident in this country, comes inside the net. Indeed, the term "hostile associations" does not even presume personal acquaintance with anyone of enemy origin. Any correspondence for

business or other purposes, any Continental travel for pleasure or for health, any known interest in German literature or philosophy, might quite properly be interpreted as "hostile associations." It may, of course, be pleaded that the term is intended only to apply to such acts of personal intercourse with enemy subjects as form a reasonable ground for suspecting them of rendering assistance to the enemy. But what security can we have that the military and naval authorities who take the initiative in these arrests will confine themselves to cases of reasonable suspicion? The Home Secretary admitted in the House of Commons (March 2nd, 1915) that eight persons of British origin and nationality were "in internment," in addition to some two score British subjects of foreign origin, who are entitled to the ordinary rights of British citizens. His defence is of service in bringing out the essential vices of the procedure.

Mr. Samuel, House of Commons, March 2nd ("Times," March 3rd):—

"Although technically British subjects, these persons could not safely be allowed to be at large, for in certain cases which he cited as typical, they had been found to be acting in the interests of the enemy. They were not confined under the Home Secretary's *lettres de cachet*. Each case must be dealt with by a competent naval or military authority; each case was considered by the Home Secretary personally, and each person was told he had a right to have his case referred to the Advisory Committee, the members of which were Mr. Justice Sankey, Mr. Justice Younger, Colonel Lockwood, M.P., Mr. Maclean, M.P., Mr. Baldwin, M.P., and Mr. Mooney, M.P. A vast majority of the cases had been considered by that committee. He agreed that as a matter of form it would be well that a suspected person should have a written statement in general terms of the grounds upon which an order for his internment was about to be made, and he would arrange that this should be done. Replying to the contention that the right course would be to prosecute, he said that these were not cases in which any indictment could be drawn."

From this statement it appears (1) That the initiative in these seizures is taken, not by the branch of the Executive charged with judicial discretion, but by naval or military authorities, who are destitute of legal training, and who are in effect "the prosecution" in each case. (2) That the only appeal against the wrongful exercise of this power is vested in other branches of the Executive, the Home Secretary, and a Committee appointed by the Executive, two-thirds of whom are politicians without legal or judicial training. (3) That prior to March, 1916, an arrested person had received no formal statement, even "in general terms," of the grounds for his arrest. (4) That neither hitherto nor hereafter was any opportunity afforded the arrested person of disputing the grounds of his arrest, or of showing reason why he should not be interned. (5) That some of these cases have not in fact been brought before the Advisory Committee at all. (6) That these persons are treated in this manner because they are held not to have committed any offence known to the law of the land.

The high-handed action of the Executive in thus destroying by an Order in Council the right of Habeas Corpus, though upheld by a decision of the High Court, appears to be a clear violation of the principle of the Amendment Act of March, 1915, designed to secure for British subjects charged under the regulations of the Defence of the Realm Act the right of trial in a civil court by jury. That Amendment Act prescribed that

"When a person, being a British subject—is alleged to be guilty of an offence against any regulations made under the Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act, 1914, he shall be entitled, within sixteen days from the time when the general nature of the charge is communicated to him, to claim to be tried by a civil court with a jury, instead of being tried by court-martial."

Is it conceivable that the Executive should seek to evade the plain intention of the Act, in the case of persons interned under the order of last June, by urging that in these cases a person is not "alleged to be guilty of an offence against any regulations," and should contend that the fact that no "charge is communicated to him" deprives him of the right of a trial by jury? To evade the provisions of the Amendment Act, by refusing to formulate a charge, with the object of voiding the right to claim a trial by jury, would be an act of infamy which I do not care to impute to the Executive. I prefer to believe that they ignored, as indeed the High Court ignored, all reference to this Amendment Act, in considering the application of this Order.

But the effect, however unintended, is that an Act of Parliament, designed explicitly to secure trial by jury for persons arrested under the regulations of the Defence of the Realm Act, has been evaded by the simple process of refusing to bring a charge. One wrong has been covered by another wrong. The Executive has taken power to say to any British subject:—

"It appears to us expedient, in view of "hostile associations," which we suspect you of having formed, to remove you from your home and to keep you in strict detention, making no formal charge against you and thereby depriving you of the right and opportunity of claiming a trial by your peers."

As for the pretence that the Advisory Committee forms in any sense an effective substitute for a trial by jury, it is permissible to quote the view of the "Law Journal" (February 25th) regarding the right given to interned persons to make "representations" to this Committee.

"That, of course, is no equivalent to trial, even though a Judge presides over the committee deputed to consider the 'representations,' for all the elementary conditions of a trial are absent; there is no statement of facts constituting the charge, no indication whatever of the evidence in support of it, no opportunity for the accused to examine witnesses or documents, no right even for him to appear before his accusers or the committee. The privilege of making 'representations' is in these circumstances no security; it is a mere mockery, for it imposes on the accused the impossible burden of proving a negative, and reverses entirely the regular course of justice. Parliament can never have intended to create such an unheard-of situation for any British subject, and it is the business of Parliament to redress so intolerable a grievance."

Lest it be urged that the grievance is a merely theoretic one, I will cite the facts of a single case.

A young lady, Miss Hilda Howsin, daughter of a small squire in Yorkshire, was resting at home last August from her voluntary work in a military hospital. Suddenly, one day, during her father's absence, the police surrounded the house in motor cars, ransacked the young lady's room, and carried her off, first to London, afterwards to the prison at Aylesbury. There she has lain for over six months. For many weeks she was not even brought before the Advisory Committee. When she was presented for examination, no charge was brought, and no legal assistance was permitted her. The Home Office, appealed to, informed her friends that she is charged with no offence, but that she would be kept in confinement until the close of the war.

It has, indeed, been intimated by the Attorney-General that this lady, while on the Continent, had entered into communication with a person whom she knew to be an agent of the enemy, and had conveyed information of political import from this person to another enemy agent in London. The truth of these suggestions is, I understand, denied by the lady. But

the injustice of the procedure is no whit affected by the question whether the suggestions are true or false. Supposing there be evidence of their truth, justice evidently demands the formulation of a definite charge, not in "general," but in "specific" terms, and a trial of the case before a Court in which the charge, and the evidence upon which it is based, are submitted to the ordinary tests of British justice.

J. A. HOBSON.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I HAVE not yet found any kind of Parliamentary man who thinks that the Secret Session did any good, or hid anything that is not likely to come out through the thousand rills and runnels of gossip. And that, of course, is the worst form of percolation, and the most undemocratic. Is that why the Government chose it? Their proceedings are so uncandid, so disheartening to their friends, and so full of invitation to their enemies, that one wonders what kind of true political calculation peeps behind their acts. We all recognize the Secret Session as a device of political mystification, linked with a special solemnity for the benefit of those simplest of men, the Labor Party. If the Cabinet could have avoided the upheaval of last week, and Mr. Asquith come out master in his household, it would never have been resorted to. And a good many people are beginning to regard with contempt the proceedings under which selected politicians are treated to a private view of policies, so that when they come to be seriously debated, critics are met with the shake of the head and the finger on the lip, and the legend, "Oh, if you only knew what we know!"

BUT could anything be more fatuous than to set up a kind of half-secrecy for such a body as Parliament? You can understand the fixed and normal secrecy of the Cabinet; but what kind of a privacy is that in which an assembly has the first sketch of a measure laid before it in a secret sitting, and then proceeds to talk it out in public! What was bound to happen happened. The moment the House was free, it tore the machinery of hocus-pocus to pieces, greatly, I think, to the satisfaction of every friend of good government. No doubt there stirred beneath its contempt for a mean Bill the feeling that its liberties were seriously threatened. Is it not very nearly an infraction of the privileges of Parliament to forbid a member to speak to his own constituents of matters laid before him as a representative of those constituents? As for the Order in Council, it comes close to being an instrument of sheer tyranny. It is its folly which just saves it. How does a Government propose to prevent its own members and associates from talking to journalists? Did Mr. Chamberlain commit a crime when he concerted his Irish policy with Lord Morley in the columns of the "Pall Mall Gazette"? Not that vital matters are really disclosed about Cabinet meetings. But it is necessary for Parliament and the people to know something of what has happened at them. It is this "something" which, in their own interests, Governments have always found a way of making half-public. The real trouble in the present Cabinet is that it has no policy, and that the two parties to it struggle with each other for the ear of the public. Hence the tears and tantrums of the Order in Council.

POLITICALLY, the situation is utterly changed since last week, without being a whit improved. The Prime Minister has yielded, as usual, to the pressure which nearly his whole party hoped against hope he would resist. He has let his Government embark on a bad policy, which is killing it. Mr. Lloyd George's terms are conceded not in form, but in reality; and, in spite of all the assurances, we have all-round conscription, with the paper-obstacle of a four weeks' grace for the re-trial of a voluntary system which has already been stopped dead. Naturally this cures none of the internal troubles of the Coalition. It still has two minds; only the Liberal mind becomes more and more shadowy. Mr. Asquith's credit recedes; and his "compromises" turn more and more in the way of mere retreats before the section with which he personally disagrees. If, therefore, a homogeneous Government ever replaces the Coalition, it is much more likely to be a Tory Government, and the best hope that one could breathe for it would be that its head would be a Moderate of the Lansdowne type. Force would not then be its characteristic but it might rise above the Coalition's mania for secrecy and suppression; and under Liberal criticism it might begin to think out a European policy. And this the Coalition, with its inner distractions, and the growing alienation, personal and political, between its Liberal and Conservative members, may never be able to do. Therefore, it is to a Conservative Government that men's minds are more and more turning as much the best way out of the present shapelessness.

I SUPPOSE one must distinguish between what the natural man must think of the *incuria* with which the Irish Office has let the Sinn Fein movement go on, and what the political man judges the best way of treating Irish irreconcilables. The flaunting impudence of the Sinn Fein Volunteers—their parades, their route marches, their sham attack on Dublin Castle, their open practice of barricade fighting—was quite notorious. The Under-Secretary is an able man, and he decided to disregard it. He may be right; in the matter of half-rebellions there is always something to be said for the Kruger policy of waiting till the tortoise puts its head out. And there have been some factors in the Irish situation—such as the view of a small section of the priesthood—which called for deliberate handling. But what is to be said for the plan of keeping the country in the dark as to the happenings in Dublin, and leaving the British imagination to run riot, while the American is fed with facts? Is it perversity? Or the kind of fear of truth-telling which comes upon bureaucracies through habit, and gets fixed on them in a time of war? As to its consequences, I am clear. Much more of it the country will not stand. If its present governors neglect and despise it, it will get other governors who will at least pretend not to.

THERE is one point in the case of Sir Roger Casement which is present to the minds of a good many observers of it. What was the object of the Germans in landing him on the Irish coast under circumstances which made his arrest inevitable? Did they want him to escape our officers? And if they did not, was not his certain capture, followed by his execution, designed as a move in the whole game of conspiracy? A twentieth-century Wolfe Tone would be an excellent asset in this calculation. There is, of course, no parallel; as there is no shadow of excuse for a servant of the Crown who behaves as Sir Roger Casement has behaved. But it looks as if we had a

guide-light to the kind of policy which the Government will be wise to avoid.

A DISTINGUISHED friend of conscription, in writing to me, makes a very interesting point. Whether or no we get scientific recruiting, there is little enough sign of a scientific *utilization* of recruiting. He adds (and I can verify his observation) that we have an immense army of non-combatants in France and England, and that it would be quite possible to shift the younger men (a great many of them in the Army Pay Department) to the front, and fill their place with middle-aged men. Why is this not done? The non-combatant question as it exists in the rear of our Armies in France is really a little amazing to watch, and if the Government would send out half-a-dozen men of business to go through the lines and insist on realizing the full military value of the men they will find at Rouen, Abbeville, Havre, and elsewhere, they might easily, says my informant, get the 50,000 men they are calling for by next May. But as this is something practical and obvious, our rulers, I suppose, will never think of doing it.

I FOUND London extremely responsive to the effects of novelty that the passage of the Australian and New Zealand troops on the Anzac celebration day opened out to it. The men's appearance was magnificent; their physique and *tenue* were both wonderful. The most sharply characteristic type was, no doubt, the Australian. Those lean, hard-bitten, sun-dried men were of us, but they were different from us, a manly, independent race, that will do their own moulding, and take little from their parents. The New Zealanders seemed closer to the British type; they were a shorter, more stocky folk, and less obviously changed from the people of the western islands that sent them out. The hero of the day was Sir George Birdwood. No reception touched his for affectionate warmth.

POOR Mr. Montagu White! Old friends will miss this clever, charming, accomplished man, much given in his day to diplomacy, music, and gossip. His lot was a hard one, for he had to stand between our Government and the South African Republic, and to do his best for good policy and good sense as he conceived them. He was, of course, a Moderate and a peacemaker, and had South African politics been in such hands as his, peace and moderation would have won. But what could a poor Consul-General in London do with Lord Milner on the one hand and Dr. Leyds on the other, with Chamberlain poised uneasily between the two? Some time after the struggle was over, Mr. White's mind underwent a startling change, and he became a Christian Scientist. It made a different man of him. His worldliness—which seemed to me a kind and harmless variety of the complaint—dropped from him. I have never seen childlike faith so suddenly usurp the place of the carnal wisdom that so many of us wear as our armory against despair. It was very touching and real, and I imagine that it was in this faith that my friend died.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

At a time when all military thinkers so highly value and so carefully calculate the extent of enemy losses, at a time, too, when statesmen and diplomatists are estimating the gains and readjustments that victory may

bring, it is surely appropriate for the student of human character and of society to assess the psychological casualties of the war, and to balance the progress of the soul with its cruel and inevitable wastage. And just as the war has caused the strategist to revise and even to remodel his whole military theory, so, too, it is more than probable that the psychologist must reconsider his judgments and his values, since a crisis so colossal must have made manifest new aspects of human nature and thrown fresh light upon the endowments and the capacities of man. The strong searchlight of war has cast its pillar of radiance upon the soul of man, and therefore it is but natural that we should gaze eagerly upon the revealed object, the quality of man militant. Obviously we can make more plausible assertions about our own country than about others; yet it would seem that in every nation the same tendencies have been revealed and the same characteristics have found expression. You cannot, it is true, indict a whole nation, nor, indeed, can you praise one.

War, because it is something huge and terrible and utterly strange to the majority of combatant countries, carries, like all other colossal and shattering events, the power of a magnifying glass. It intensifies the microscopic and by intensity transmutes. It underlines the writing on the tablets of character and personality. It clarifies and recreates the palimpsest of the soul. Was fear lightly scrawled upon the manuscript? Then war may write panic in its stead. Was courage the inscription? Then war may amend it to endurance beyond belief, to audacity beyond control. Humility may pass into a sublime self-sacrifice, and vanity swell into a vile lust for domination. Vermin are not the only "minor horrors of war," nor are dysentery and enteric the only forms of disease. There is a contagious pest called the "*Imperandi cacochæthes*," the insatiable itch to taunt, to pester, and to bully. And just because war is in itself a stupid and a brutish activity, its appeal is all the stronger to those who have in them the seeds of brutishness.

War magnifies, and we can scarcely deny that its powerful lens has shown us here in Great Britain ugly and noisome things. Where evil was planted, there evil has abundantly grown. The harsh anarchy of modern industrial competition has borne inevitably its bitter fruit, contract scandals, shipping extortions, suspicions, jealousies, needless and wasteful strikes. Ugly, too, has been "the inclined plane to Zabern" and the insistent and malevolent growth of Prussianism. This has found expression in the futile frightfulness of the Anti-German Union, gallant warriors against the Quaker, in the attacks on Free Speech and Free Trial, and in the vulgar intolerance of many local tribunals, bodies among which Reventlow and Harden themselves might have found rivals in acerbity. Yet more unlovely has been the Parliamentary plotting and the Press campaigns against marked Ministers, culminating in the great Conscription conspiracy, which was as successful from the standpoint of the individual intriguers as it was disastrous to the interests of the nation. For the Conscription Act, as sterile of soldiers as it was fruitful of ill-feeling, has dealt a definite blow at the national *moral*, a blow whose marks are plainly visible. Few events could have been less glorious than the wire-pulled activities of the Attested Married Men's Union and the Press-puffed lamentations of the men who enlisted in the great effort to save the voluntary system, and then would not fight until it had been destroyed. What, too, can we say of those who never wearied of clamoring that all and sundry, strong and weak, supporters of widows and corner-stones of industry, religious and political

objectors, should be "fetched" to undergo the indescribable horrors of modern warfare, while they themselves fell into a panic at the infinitesimal risk of being bombed by a Zeppelin, and demanded that the first gun-orders should be reserved for the stay-at-homes? What must our soldiers and our Allies, enduring the incessant roar and shock of shell and bomb, mine and grenade, have thought of these penmen patriots, so loyal at the expense of other men's lives?

Our debit account has become formidable and darkly lined. Yet there is consolation in the fact that the failings have been the failings of a few, while the triumph has been the triumph of the many. For one triumph there has been, magnificent and undeniable—the triumph of the voluntary system. Probably three million men had enlisted before the Derby campaign brought compulsion, social, economic, and finally legal. These men had been appealed to on moral grounds, and they had given up, for a cause they believed to be just, home and comfort and the chance of life itself. They did not stop to drive bargains of service or to claim the compulsion of others before they would stir. They went, and they went in poverty. Let the ignoramus of Berlin sneer at the British mercenary. Not five in a hundred of those three millions can have gained financially by their enlistment, and for very few, save the agricultural laborer of the south, did our flat rate of separation allowance spell domestic prosperity in the husband's absence. They went, and for a pittance they endured the terrors of hell, the monotonous agony of Flanders and of France, the heat and frenzy of Gallipoli.

And so these men, by their action, have made plain for ever one noble and neglected fact. They have shown that humanity is not mercenary at bottom, and they have proved that "the economic man" is a fiction and a libel. Now we know for certain that to win the best service that a man can give he must be appealed to, not as a tradesman, but as an idealist. In fact, the lesson of this war would seem to be that the more a man is paid the less efficient is his service: for our battles have been a series of Inkermans, of soldiers' victories. Often enough the rank and file at a shilling a day have repaired the blunders of the wealthy bureaucrat. It has frequently been argued against all those who could not accept the present social scheme and the squalid rapacity of industrialism that such things must be because man must have a motive for his work: competition was the mother of production, and bribery the foster-nurse of service. That calumny is dead. The war has killed it.

Coupled with the spontaneous heroism of the combatant has been the endurance of the many at home. While the noisy press lords have shivered with terror and even sneered from their palaces at the high wages of the luxurious engineer, the silent masses have borne bereavements with fortitude and hard work with heroism. High prices they have met with patience and long hours with endurance. They have not fretted and nagged and thrown stones: they have been bombed without panic and abused without protest. Believing in a cause, they have clung to it, toiling and suffering.

Therefore, in our spiritual stock-taking of the war, we may set against the long debit a credit of an equal size. War tempts and flatters the natural blusterer, and gives a guise of patriotism to all manner of pests and prigs. Equally, however, does it reveal the amazing unselfishness of man and the infinite possibilities of service. It shows him immune from bribes and the conqueror of corruption. Then, should an altered and a saner world see wars warred down by arbitrament, national service may pass from killing to creation, and self-sacrifice need no longer find expression in the bayonet.

When the barren tradition that military glory is life's greatest gift has died, national service will be a wider and a finer thing, and the men of Europe, who have given up all for nothing at their countries' call, will work out their capacity for devotion in peace and to humanity. And let no one say that they cannot work without wages or produce without profit.

THE DARDANELLES ANNIVERSARY.

THE ceremony in Westminster Abbey last Tuesday reminded us all that a year has passed since the first landing of our troops upon the Gallipoli Peninsula. The Dardanelles enterprise will always rank among the most heroic episodes of our history, and (we may hope) as the most disastrous. For some months I was present at the operations, and had unusual opportunities of becoming acquainted with all the various ground occupied by British, Australasian, and French divisions from Suvla round to Morto Bay. So I may recall some outstanding events in the campaign, and the impression they made on me at the time and since; although I know how embittered a controversy the whole subject has aroused among military critics, and will long arouse. Judgment after the event is said to be easy, but, in this case, only those seem to find it so who content themselves with random depreciation.

Except for the primary error of dissipating our forces for a mainly political purpose, the original conception was fine. To open a passage for the export of Russian wheat, and the import of arms into Russia; to avert a renewed attack upon Egypt; to remove any possible danger in the Persian Gulf; and to keep the avaricious Balkan nationalities steady in neutrality or to win their friendship by striking at the heart of the Turkish Empire—these were objects worth great sacrifice, and by careful and well-informed strategy they might have been gained. Unhappily, the directors of our strategy were careless in means, and neglectful of information. What Mr. Winston Churchill said in the House of Commons last November about "the operations so daringly and brilliantly begun by Sir Ian Hamilton in the immortal landing of April 25th" was true of the whole expedition from the first:—

"If there were any operations in the history of the world which, having been begun, it was worth while to carry through with the utmost vigor and fury, with a consistent flow of reinforcements, and an utter disregard of life, it was these."

Yet Mr. Winston Churchill in the previous February and March (when he was himself First Lord of the Admiralty) had expected to accomplish the enterprise with a few ships, unassisted by any landing force, though there were plenty of authorities to warn him against such an error.

When Sir Ian Hamilton arrived at Mudros in the middle of March, the last poor chance of Greek co-operation had vanished with the resignation of Venizelos ten days before, and the Greek populace was congratulating itself on possessing a monarch willing and able to resist the popular desire for war. Sir Ian found the Allied fleet still engaged in an attempt to force the Dardanelles on its own, and he saw the attempt repulsed with the loss of three valuable ships. He also found that the transports sent from Egypt with his landing force had been so carelessly loaded that the earliest necessities for landing were stowed out of reach at the bottom of the holds, and there was no choice but to send all back to be reladen at Alexandria. Three precious weeks were thus lost through mere stupidity such as any

lady's-maid packing for a week-end avoids. The delay, if it did not lose the campaign, lost hundreds of lives. For in the meantime, the Turks, who had been strengthening the position since autumn, redoubled their fortifications, and our landing forces, late in any case, started with the discouragement of being later still.

It might then have been wiser, but it was impossible for a newly-appointed and high-spirited General to have abandoned his task. Supplied with a most gallant but mixed and ill-assorted force, and with a rather random Staff, in the selection of which, I believe, he had small personal choice, Sir Ian proceeded with designs for landing. The advantage of cutting off the whole Gallipoli peninsula by seizing the isthmus of Bulair is so obvious that the reasons against that course must have been very strong. The Navy disapproved of Bulair as an anchorage; the fleet and transports would have been exposed to heavy guns from the northern shore of the bay; there was danger of the forces being cut up in detail as they landed on so narrow a front; and if they marched round from Enos, they would have had their left flank exposed to attack all the way.

But the decisive consideration in Sir Ian's mind seems to have been that his orders were to clear the Narrows, and he believed an occupation of Bulair would neither have driven the Turks from their positions on the Narrows, nor prevented them from supplying their troops on the peninsula from the Asiatic side. That is a point for speculation; but, setting Bulair aside, the only possible landing-places were Suvla Bay, Gaba Tepe, and a few isolated points round the toe of the peninsula. I do not know why Suvla Bay was at first rejected; perhaps for the same naval reasons as Bulair; more probably because it was hoped that at Helles the Navy could co-operate on both flanks, from the Straits and from the Gulf; for hostile submarines did not appear till the following month. In any case, Helles was selected for the main landings. The "Anzacs" were to threaten the Turkish right from Gaba Tepe, to hold up a large force of the enemy there, and after a successful advance to unite with the Helles force on the line from Gaba Tepe to Maidos, the enemy's positions on Achi Baba and Kilid Bahr plateau being cleared.

It has been suggested that the Australians should also have landed at Helles, the total force being thus concentrated; and certainly their assistance there would have been invaluable during the first few weeks. But they could not have landed simultaneously with the 29th Division, because there was not room on the only possible beaches. And if they had been held in reserve, the Turks also could have concentrated larger forces, and might have frustrated the landing altogether. The Turks were always nervous about the "Anzac" position, and were obliged to keep a large force watching there to protect the rear and communications of their Achi Baba lines. For myself, the question rather is why the French divisions, which successfully landed at Kum Kale on the further coast of the straits (close to the beach where the Greek ships lay during the siege of Troy) did not retain their grip on the Asiatic side. They could thus have averted the bombardment inflicted by "Creeping Carolines" and other heavy guns from the Asiatic shore upon their own lines at Siddel Bahr and Morto Bay, as well as upon our stations and offices round "W" beach or "Lancashire landing." They retained Kum Kale, however, for barely twenty-four hours, and then took position on our right at Helles.

I need not dwell upon the story of the landings, for it has already passed into our national records. "No finer feat of arms has ever been achieved by the British soldier—or any other soldier," wrote Sir Ian of the

landing of the Lancashire Fusiliers on "W" beach. And the same may be said of the landing of the Dublin and Munster Fusiliers, the Hampshires, and the West Riding R.E., from the "River Clyde" on "V" beach, and of the "Anzacs" at the foot of the cliffs a mile north of Gaba Tepe. The more I have studied the ground and tried to revive the events of those two April days, the more I am astonished at the devoted courage of human beings who could face death as those men did. Nor was there anything to choose between one set of men and another, whether they came from England, Ireland, or the Antipodes.

But all this gallantry failed of its object. Many officers spoke of reaching Krithia on the first night, and Achi Baba on the second. But in eight months we reached neither. The repeated efforts of May, June, and July advanced our foremost trenches at Helles hardly more than four miles from the point of the peninsula, and at Anzac the steep crest held by Quinn's, Courtney's, and Steele's Posts was only about three-quarters of a mile from the sea in a straight line. In early August came the much-debated operations known as "Suvla." Here again (so far as a layman may judge) the conception was admirable, or the best under the conditions. Some critics think the main effort should have been made at Suvla, and a passage forced straight across the peninsula to Maidos, disregarding the heights of Sari Bair. But in that case, the Turkish force concentrated on Sari Bair would have threatened the right flank of our advance along the whole route. It was too great a risk, even if the Anzacs could have retained a large body of Turks by repeated feints. Chunuk and Koja Tepe (the two main points of the Sari Bair range, separated by a precipitous ravine) are the dominating positions of the whole region, and it was to securing these that Sir Ian directed his main attack. The Anzacs were to carry it out; the newly-landed force at Suvla was intended only to co-operate with simultaneous advance along the more open district of the two Anafartas on the Anzac left.

This design, carefully elaborated in every detail, failed only in detailed execution. The Anzacs did their utmost. By one of the most heroic actions of the war, they seized the Lone Pine trenches on their right, and on their left they actually reached the crest of Chunuk Bair, whence they could see the Narrows on the other side, and would have held it, had not a reinforcing column lost its way among the complicated ravines of the ascent. Nor was the support or diversion, expected from the Suvla side, forthcoming. Many causes co-operated in the Suvla failure—mistakes as to landing places, the consequent dissipation of forces, heat and extreme thirst (the carefully organized water-supply breaking down), and excessive confidence in the effect of naval guns upon an entrenched enemy. Finally, as Sir Ian says in his despatch, "the one fatal error was inertia, and inertia prevailed."

But why did it prevail? Perhaps because the troops recently supplied to Sir Ian were neither numerous enough nor good enough for the task. Divisions of the New Army and Territorials, for the most part inexperienced in danger and hardship, were flung into the midst of a difficult and dangerous operation. They began with great courage and success, but as I went among them, up and down the firing-lines, between August 8th and 11th, I felt their confidence shaking more and more. The units became hopelessly intermixed; the men did not know the officers; they lay about in the shade or behind any cover, refusing to move; or if they ventured to one of the few wells for water, they ran crouching down, ducking their heads, and shouting warnings to each other. Courage is a perpetual amaze-

ment to me, and these men had shown themselves capable of courage. But they were "raw," unaccustomed to death, and they had lost that cohesion of units which is the very bond of discipline.

That was, I think, the reason why the Divisional Generals replied with a *non possumus*, as Sir Ian says, to his appeals for advance when he came to Suvla on the afternoon of Sunday, the 8th. Critics say he ought to have come sooner, and, in any case, have insisted on an advance. Certainly, it would have been well. But one must remember that he had also to watch Helles and Anzac (where he had arranged the main action), and that when he actually interfered with divisional arrangements so far as to command the advance of the one brigade which had kept fairly well together, that brigade delayed starting for many hours (till 4 a.m. on the 9th), and was then driven back to its former position.

On the 16th Sir Ian appealed to the War Office for reinforcements—50,000 new troops and about 50,000 drafts. His appeal was refused, and in spite of the splendid effort to capture Scimitar Hill on August 21st (the last great service of the 29th Division), and the equally splendid success of the Anzacs in capturing part of Hill 60 on August 27th, the campaign really ended there. The remaining weeks were a period of depression, loss of confidence, and raging sickness. When, in October, the War Office asked Sir Ian for an estimate of losses in case of evacuation, he replied, as he says, "in terms showing that such a step was to him unthinkable." He was at once recalled. On the question of losses, he was mistaken, like everyone else. The highest estimate I heard in the Peninsula was 50 per cent., the lowest 15 per cent. As is now well known, the actual evacuation cost hardly half-a-dozen lives at all three points of Suvla, Anzac, and Helles taken together.

This astonishing success was due chiefly to superb organization, partly to good luck in weather, partly perhaps to a certain dullness in the enemy's brains. Since my return, I have constantly heard sneering critics maintain that the Turks were bribed to let us go quietly. It is a foul libel, not only upon our own officers, but upon the Turks themselves. The skill of our departure was worthy of the courage of our landing, and the only cause for regret is that all the courage and skill displayed throughout the campaign should have ended only in failure to attain its objects, and in the loss of nearly 118,000 killed, wounded, and missing, not to mention about 100,000 sick. The campaign was an extreme disaster, but all who were actively engaged in it may remember it with pride, for the chief causes of the disaster were never near the peninsula at all.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

A WAR MAKER IN ECLIPSE.

It is seldom that the reputations of the world's great thinkers and workers oscillate so much as did that of Field Marshal Kolmar von der Goltz. He seemed to drift into periodical eclipse, as he may, perchance, have drifted into that spotted fever which carried him off. Sometimes it was his theories that cast a blight on his name; at other times it was those of other people. And, generally, his eclipses and recoveries were equally unmerited. His advocacy of the reduction of military service from three years to two was later adopted, except for the cavalry and artillery, though when published in 1877 it won him immediate disfavor. Similarly, he was really as little to blame for the Turkish reverses in the Balkan War as to be praised for the victory against Greece in 1897. The significant difference was that in

the latter case the plan of campaign was his, while in the former his plan was abandoned.

His fame will rest, however, upon his books, two of which, at least, are classics. "The Nation in Arms" and the final edition of "Rossbach and Jena" are models of military literature, and will ever be resorted to by students. To these, it is possible, may be added "The Conduct of War," with its clear, cameo-like sentences. Von der Goltz was, in fact, always something of the professor; and he was also more than a little the legendary German. A short, thickset man, his face bore the history of smiles that readily crept back in his talkative and animated moods. He was a first-rate soldier, with what someone has called a field marshal's contempt of danger. He, like von Haeseler, was accustomed to alarm his staff by the carelessness with which he went about the firing line. But it is difficult to think he ever outlived the professorial character which he assumed so naturally in early middle age. He had even then the experience of two great wars behind him, and could draw upon his memory for his descriptions of Gravelotte and Metz. "Rossbach and Jena" appeared before he was forty, and during the time he was lecturer in military history at the Military Academy in Berlin.

Yet in spite of the fact that his real fame rests on his books, it seems certain that his name will ever be more popularly associated with the reorganization and decline (and, possibly, fall) of the Turkish army. He went, a major, in 1883 to Turkey. He was not the first who had experimented with the Turks. He took up the task which had defied von Moltke. Von der Goltz characteristically first set himself to study the whole Turkish problem. What he made of the Turks, it is difficult to deduce from their subsequent history. It is easy to think of him peering professorially through his thick glasses and summing them up in crisp, epigrammatic sentences. He seems to have believed in them as the raw-stuff of good soldiers. Whether he saw them as they are, always a little out of the picture of modern Europe, having more in common with the Middle Ages than with to-day, incurably insouciant and fluid, fixed only in resisting fixation, seems improbable. When he turned them out in 1895 a made army, they had before them the swiftly bewildering defeats of the Balkan War. With China or Japan for recruiting grounds, he might have overturned the world. But he was unable to prevail upon the Turks to desist from pouring old wine into new bottles. An ancient system of levies, and the default of leadership which no training can manufacture, brought him into undeserved disrepute. But he made matters worse by defending himself.

His plan, it appears, was a swift withdrawal to Ishtib and a concentration there. But apart from the unpalatableness of so facile an abandonment, what would have been gained by such a plan? A Turkish Sedan would have added nothing to his fame. The Turkish character seems to have resisted all his study. He had a logical, precise brain, and only his latent romance and artistry as a link with the Turks. Thus the campaign designed for 1914-15 was an even greater blunder. The envelopment of the Russian armies about Sarikamish depended upon the most careful articulation of the different Turkish corps. But the alien time-table which might have stood the strain of the plains went to pieces in the mountain passes, where the tracks had long disappeared under the snow; and hence the cynical jibe that the Turks were beaten by the Russian soup kitchens. Certainly, to the half-starved men the blizzard carried few more fatal burdens than the snatches of savory suggestions of well-cooked food.

The defence of Gallipoli, which is attributed to him,

was more successful. In "The Conduct of War" he himself had depreciated his success. For he pointed out that defence makes far smaller calls upon the steadiness and training of troops and upon the military education of the leaders. Indeed, such doctrine was as old as Scharnhorst, who looked forward to embodying his militia in the regular forces for defensive purposes. But von der Goltz is more intimately associated with the Mesopotamian campaign. This, which required higher qualities in his material, has not turned out a success. It is no great thing to hold a few thousand troops pent up; but who, if not von der Goltz, was responsible for withdrawing the divisions which later proved so necessary to Erzerum? Here, again, it seems he relied too much upon the Turks for the qualities of a first-rate European army. And it is his fate that he should die when the army with which he had been so long associated is at the lowest ebb it has reached for centuries.

His books are a better record. The fact that he wrote upon "The Nation in Arms" is sufficient proof that he did not stand outside the main Prussian stream. Indeed, he lays down without any shame the position that the strategical offensive arises from what might be called the political offensive, the desire for definite objects and the consciousness of power to attain them. He looks upon the terrible drama of 1870-71 as a legitimate means to achieve German unity. He frequently describes the ruthlessness of war, the necessity of bringing pressure upon whole populations. But there is no evidence of the exaggeration of Bernhardt. War may be necessary, and must be energetically carried out; but he does not look upon it as a "biological" necessity, he does not praise it as a wholesome and praiseworthy activity, a virile perfection; and he does not look upon utter brutality as excusable. He belongs, in fact, to the older type of Prussian. He came of East Prussian stock, and was human enough to single out East Prussian regiments for special praise in his books.

But it is incorrect to say that "The Nation in Arms" represents the best treatise on national defence. It is not a treatise on defence at all in the ordinary sense. It is a treatise on defence in the Prussian sense. No great German writer for probably over a century has conceived defence apart from the strategical offensive. It is, of course, quite true that the strategical offensive may be nothing more than the shrewdest means of defence. But as von der Goltz laid it down that the strategical offensive springs from the political offensive, and that the hope of gain is always the incentive, in effect the doctrine of "The Nation in Arms" is the theory of easy aggression. Defence, alone, can be carried out with a small regular army and militia with a small acquaintance with arms. But von der Goltz is clearly enamored of the offensive, and it is not that he does not appreciate its disadvantages and perils. Scattered over his books are *obiter dicta* which make this plain, and supply the sound theory which kept alive the hopes of our Ally during the great retreat from the Dunajec and Vistula.

Marching, bringing the forces into the field or from one field to another, often takes a sterner toll of effectives than actual attack. The Prussian Guard, the flower of the German army, lost between 5,000 and 6,000 men during the marches between Gravelotte and Sedan. The German armies which crossed the frontier in 1870 with 372,000 men, could only muster 171,000 at Paris after a six weeks' campaign. The thought of this and other instances of great wastage leads him to insist upon a long view being taken of a campaign. And he clearly outlines the course of the present war in this connection. In a strategical offensive campaign there comes a time when, though the invaders have been consistently successful,

there is no guarantee of victory in the future through the magnitude of the wastage. The invader will then attempt to conclude an advantageous peace at once, or will stand on the defensive, holding all the ground won till the enemy sues for peace.

Oddly enough, von der Goltz seems to have had no better measure of the French than of the Turks. It is not exactly that he underrates them. He admits quite freely that Gravelotte, fought in winter, would have been a French victory. The longer daylight allowed the Germans to snatch at length a victory from a defeat. But although he thus acknowledges their military skill and courage, he thought they would allow their energy to be fettered by clinging too closely to their fortifications. This is the more strange that he designed the German scheme of fortifications, and thus, presumably admitted their function. Perhaps he saw a little farther than even his German contemporaries, and visualized the merging of fortresses into defensive lines. He was wrong in thinking the French would stand by a tradition. They have shown a more purely military outlook than the Germans. But in spite of some errors of judgment, the books which von der Goltz wrote are among the most fascinating military literature in the world. He had a certain charm of personality, and it has filtered through to his work.

The Drama.

"HUMORS."

"The Mayor of Troy." By Sir A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.
Produced at The Haymarket Theatre.

Major Solomon Hymen Toogood	HENRY AINLEY
Scipio	IVOR BARNARD
Cal	FREDERICK GROVES
Mr. Lomax	MILES MALLESON
Dr. Dillworthy	LEON QUARTERMAINE
Miss Marty Toogood	HILDA BRUCE-POTTER
M. Aristide Dupin	HERMAN DE LANGE
William Toogood	F. HANDLE AYRTON
Canon Palstave	E. LYALL SWETE
Gustavus Adolphus Toogood	GERALD MCCARTHY
Miss Emmeline Palstave	PEGGY RUSH
Ben Chope	ERNEST HENDRIE
Mrs. Chope	CLAIRE GREET

How disappointing is the theatre! I have absented myself from its felicities for many a month, even denying myself, in a recent visit to Paris, the long untasted joys of the Comédie Française. And when I return to provincial romance at the Haymarket, having in mind the excellences and charms of "Q." as a critic of English literature and a writer of it, I fall upon "The Mayor of Troy Town." What did I expect? Perhaps, in these hard, swift-moving days a brief snatch of enjoyment of the pleasant, dawdling humors of "Q.'s" Cornish sketches, with their flavor of fun and mild rascality. I should have remembered that this was not the air of the theatre, where swift no less than easy movement is essential, and that he must be an artist indeed who can transmute the one method into the other.

But I suspect this was not the real nature of my discontent. He who does not live in the full activity of his time does not live at all, and I realized that, for most of us at least, the time for the amused contemplation of life's little waywardnesses was over. Think of the kind of studies of provincialism on which this generation and the one before it have been fed. Think of "Madame Bovary," or Maupassant's Norman sketches, or Hardy's pictures of West Country England, or (if you take a lighter but still a serious view) Trollope's dissection of clericalism in mid-Victorian England. Well, "Q.'s" Cornishmen do not stand beside this gallery of portraits. They are pleasant; but pleasantry (if indeed it could ever stand by itself) has gone out of the world. I choose a still more apt and poignant illustration of what I mean, drawn from the greatest of the masters of modern "provincialism." In "The Pillars of Society," Ibsen chose a

type not essentially dissimilar from Mayor Solomon Toogood. Like him, Karsten Bernick is the centre of the life of his township. Like him, he has built up his wealth and fame partly on a certain bold attractiveness and liberality of character, partly on fraud. But see the difference of treatment, no less than of technique, in which Ibsen, with his terse unswerving direction of the motive of his play, puts all fumbling artistry out of date. Ibsen makes Bernick at once the architect of his fortunes and the destroyer of them. All centres on the movement of his soul. Everything that happens in the play—from the reminder of the deceit which concealed his early love escapade, and allowed its shame to fall on another, to the crooked dealing which threatens his child's death in the coffin-ship he is about to send to sea with the cargo of his ancient sins on board—promotes or retards this movement. The setting is essentially humorous, above all, provincial. You see at once the smallness, the hypocrisy, of the Norwegian seaport town, as compared with the greater frankness and freedom of life in a capital city; and yet the vital, full-blooded stuff of humanity is there. And it is extraordinarily concentrated. The struggle being over Bernick's soul, and over nothing else at all, you dismiss extraneous matter and watch every motion of the pieces as the great artist's fingers hover over them.

But what of these celebrities of the Cornish town? They are quite amusing in their way. There, as in "The Pillars of Society," is but one fundamental interest—the character of the Mayor of Troy Town. It undergoes a certain development. But the contrast is that the development is mechanical, whereas in Ibsen's Mayor it is spiritual. Toogood disappears physically, and comes to life again (the period is between 1804 and 1814), after ten years in a French prison. Bernick is always on the stage; the problem is what will he make of himself, under the rigorous moulding which is being applied to him. There is something serious the matter with him; fraud is the matter with him, murder may be the matter with him. But there is little amiss with the genial Toogood, except vanity and the harmless local duplicity of smuggling, with a comic veneer of patriotism to cover it up. And vanity is not a thing that any man repents of, either in a French prison or elsewhere. It grows on him, and changes shape rather than substance. So when Toogood comes back from his ducking in the Cornish estuary and the resulting French prison, no longer portly and flirtatious, but with a pale face and a game leg—and one can imagine how beautiful Mr. Ainley can make these presentments of suffering look—and when he finds that everyone has forgotten him, and how convenient it would be for him to die in reality as well as in the popular belief, and how much he is moved so to die by the thought of how a kind and pretty niece (whom he never knew) would gain by his death, and how much he is repelled from it by the reflection of what an ugly brother (whom he knows only too well) would also profit, one divines that this is not the real world, but the world of mechanical, old-fashioned invention, in which nobody ever lived or died. Not that so excellent a writer as "Q." quite forgets the verities. He knows them, but he is not so impressed with their importance that the accidentals, the ornaments, of his drama fall away, or fall into use merely as their setting. His Solomon Toogood is humbled a little, softened a little, soured a little, with finding that his old sweetheart has forgotten him, and that it is not safe to bury yourself for ten years in a French prison. Well, well! He was a good human brand after all; let him go on drinking Cousin Matty's "Fra Angelico," and swindling the customs (which everybody in Troy Town but the excise-man approves). If he disappears, he loses so many years of these Mayoral delights. If he comes back, limping and lonely, he will soon get back to his old form, even though smuggling may have gone a little out of fashion with the Peace.

So I have my old quarrel with the modern English drama. It will not, cannot be serious. Nothing will make us serious, until perhaps the reason for seriousness is so palpably at our doors that the lights must go out, and

the jesting pause, and the jesters' hearts beat quick and heavy in the darkness. Till then, I suppose we shall be trivial in our writing and criticism of life, and in almost everything but in action, and not quite serious in that.

H. W. M.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CASE OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A feature of the correspondence that has been appearing in the Press on this subject has been that, though the conscientious objector has been discussed *ad nauseam*, he has himself so far remained silent and made little or no attempt, except under cross-examination before the tribunals, to justify his position. This fact encourages me to hope that you may be able to find space for a statement of the present situation as it appears to one who can claim to be, in Lord Lansdowne's phrase, an "Out-and-out Conscientious Objector."

At this moment great efforts are being made to get us to come in and take our place in the mobilization of the country for the purpose of the better prosecution of the war. And we are standing out. We know that our attitude is often regarded with ridicule, and even detestation. Why then do we persist? Are we not concerned that our country is in peril? Is our country's honor of no account to us?

The answer is this: We regard war, which involves human mutilation and slaughter, as an immoral means by which to attempt to attain any end, and as utterly incompatible with the whole spirit and tenor of the Gospel of Christ. In our view, therefore, no plea of necessity or of policy, however urgent, can justify us in taking part in it.

It is because we love England so dearly, and are so jealous of her honor, that we cannot bear to see her doing what we consider wrong, and that we long intensely to free her from the scourge and danger and evil of war.

In this dark hour we feel that the highest service we can render to our country is to take a strong, clear stand for the more excellent way—the way of Peace and Goodwill, as against the way of war and domination—as the only way in which England can achieve her destiny among the nations of the world. And after long and anxious thought, many of us have come to feel that if we allow ourselves to be mobilized as the Government desires, even into purely non-combatant alternative service, we shall find our testimony obscured and our wills and energies diverted into helping forward the cause of war. We realize that we are already deeply implicated by the payment of taxes, and in other ways that are beyond our control, and precisely for this reason we feel bound to resist any further compromise. It is in order to be free to proclaim the truth which we believe can save our country, that we claim, and can accept nothing less, than the right, contained in the Military Service Act, of unconditional exemption from its provisions.

We know that the views we hold are scorned; but, on the other hand, we know that they are held by thousands in every land. Two great political leaders in Germany who have heard our message have said of it: "If that is Christianity, that is what we want"—but we know how in all the warring nations such opinions are stifled and suppressed. This suppression we regard as proof that the belligerent governments are concerned less for goodwill and safety than for victory and domination. Both sides seek domination first, as the key to safety. We know that domination is the key to disaster: that only by the removal of enmity and by actions that give proof of confident goodwill, can safety be won for posterity.

Universal experience tells us that the desire for power to impose one's will upon another breeds ill-will, distrust, and hatred on the other side. Those who think they can destroy a nation's enmity by destroying her soldiers are, in our view, laboring under a delusion fraught with infinite danger to the human race.

We stand for a way of life that seeks to destroy not

enemies but enmity—for a goodwill that disarms the most brutal of adversaries, that overcomes ill-nature by good-nature, and achieves settlement by consent.

We are told that all this is ideal but impracticable. We cannot regard it so. All experience supports us in the opposite contention, that it is the only workable and reliable basis of human relationship. Why, then, do the peoples scorn it? What do they lack? Surely nothing but the courage to try it.

If those who refuse to take part in war are cowards, so be it; but the fact remains that we stand for a life and a policy of unweaponed courage, of courageous goodwill.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT O. MENNELL.

18, Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate,
London, E.C. April 26th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The following extracts are taken from a letter written to a friend of mine by Mr. Eric Chappelow, now waiting to be tried by a court-martial, to whose case I drew attention in Parliament this week. The case is only one of scores of others, some of them even harder and more cruel than his, but it is useful as showing the way in which the brutal treatment which these men are suffering for conscience' sake affects a sensitive and educated mind. Mr. Chappelow is a Civil Servant, and also a poet well known to many literary men. The strength and sincerity of his conscientious objection to war is not doubted. His crime is that he shares the opinions which were held by Tolstoy, and would undoubtedly have been held and acted on by Shelley had he been with us now. For this he is to be persecuted and put to hard labor; and when his case is brought to the notice of Parliament, which intended to provide full exemption for men like him, the best answer we can get from the authorities is the answer given to me yesterday by Mr. Tennant:—"Really, we have not time to stop and inquire into all these things; we have got to try and win the war." Yes, indeed, but at what a price! And how is persecution of this kind going to bring us any nearer to victory?—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP MORRELL.

April 25th, 1916.

"Kingston-on-Thames Barracks, Cell No. 3.

April 13th, 1916.

"I was arrested about 1.30 at — on Tuesday last, April 11th, and taken straight to the station. I felt pretty bad when I got there, as an arrest was hardly to be expected so soon, only three and a half hours after the time I was due. . . . The Court refused to entertain my objection, and fined me 40s. and handed me over to await an escort. . . . The escort came and I entrained for Kingston. On arrival I was put in the guard-room. We were marched off to the doctor's, and I declined to undress. At last they stripped me, and even then I would not read the sight test or get on the scales to be weighed. After that I was marched to the Army Store Room, and I refused to undress for measurement, and also to take my clothes or kit downstairs. When we returned to the guard-room I refused to put the uniform on, in spite of sundry threats that it would be put on for me. I slept very little, owing to the plank bed, and woke about 4.0. About 7.30 we had breakfast, and directly after they put me in khaki by force, in spite of some resistance on my part. About a quarter of an hour after, I took my uniform off. They then took me, and I was put in the cell. A few minutes after that the sergeant came again and asked me if I would dress, and then on my refusal took me as I was and strapped a blanket round me and strapped my arms to my sides, and marched me off with two others to the orderly room. We had to wait outside for some time, and I was, of course, the object of much scoffing and threats and insults. A Red Cross nurse took two photos of me with great glee, and so too did a sergeant-major, only he was insulting. I came before the C.O., a lieutenant-colonel, and the charges against me were read out. When asked what I had to say, I stated that I was a conscientious objector and must act up to my convictions. I was remanded for District Court-martial. . . . I claimed the right to a legal adviser, which was granted me, and I was given leave to write to my friends. . . . But now I shall be in solitary confinement for three or four days, and as there is no heat in the cell I am shivering. . . . Does a military prison consist of solitary confinement? I feel that if I am faced with two years, or one year, or even six months of that, with never a sight of my friends or a word of them, I shall go mad. . . . This will nearly kill my mother. I don't know how I am going to bear it. . . . The awful part is not being able to hear from one's friends. One has to wait months and never see an end to it, and not know how much they are able to do for

you, or are actually achieving for you, and, in fact, being dead to everything. One feels one will never see one's kith and kin again, and then, too, even if you get six months, you are back in the Army again, and have to strike and do all things over again, and another six months."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I was greatly interested in Mr. Russell's letter, but it seems to me that he very much underrates the complexity of the question which he wishes the majority to decide by the simple process of allowing the minority to do exactly what it pleases.

No doubt a section of the public regard the Conscientious Objectors simply as cowards and shirkers; this section, however, is not likely to be converted by the imprisonment of the objectors, because even prison can hardly be so unpleasant as the trenches, and is obviously a great deal safer. This section—and, indeed, the nation generally—would be much more impressed if the "No Conscription Fellowship" would as a body offer some service to the community entailing real personal self-sacrifice; but, according to Mr. Russell, what the Fellowship desires for its members is simply "Business as Usual." That is not impressive.

I think, however, the thoughtful portion of the public are much more disturbed because they know that many conscientious objectors are not "shirkers," but are sincere in their misguided way; and, owing to that very fact, form a much more serious problem. Every nation must have some shirkers just as it has some criminals; and they can be dealt with in more or less satisfactory ways, but a body of persons who make treachery a religion and cheating their country a matter of conscience are a real danger. If I may give an illustration, we are all distressed by cases of parental neglect reported in the courts, but we hope, with improved education and other reforms, such cases will become less frequent. It is much more disturbing to read of children dying through want of medical care owing to the peculiar religious views of their parents, because the remedy is so difficult. If these cases became more frequent, some coercive measures would have to be taken by the State; and I suppose even Mr. Russell would approve the suppression of suttee in India, although the practice was based on sincere religious conviction.

It is, of course, interesting to learn that the "No Conscription" delegates had no thought but to "build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land," and never apparently remembered that but for those who do not hold their convictions England would have been as Belgium. But did they also consider that their belief in the absolute supremacy of the individual conscience and their total repudiation of the communal conscience must mean the reduction of the country to a state of anarchy, not only in time of war but also in time of peace? And are they prepared to put their own principles in practice?

Mr. Russell must surely be aware that many members of the Fellowship hold advanced labor views. No freedom for the individual is allowed there; the "blackleg" must be driven into the union and his family starved if necessary to bring about that desirable result. Even the most virulent conscriptionist has never suggested that an objector's family should be shot as well as the objector. A blockade of Germany is a crime in the eyes of these men; a blockade of their fellow-countrymen by means of a coal or a transport strike, though the poor are starved and the babies die, is an act of virtue. Does Mr. Russell appreciate the sense of disgust produced by reading on one page of a paper a sermon on love to Germany and on the next a most poisonous incitement to class war? Certainly the belief of many of the "No Conscriptionists" in the brotherhood of man would appear to be very strictly limited!

In a sense we all agree that men must be guided by their consciences, but do Mr. Russell and his friends admit that conscience is not infallible? On what possible ground either of Christianity or humanity can it be right to refuse succor to a wounded man? The plea is that he might then return to the fighting-line. Do objectors of this type realize that such a scruple of conscience, if it deserves to be called one, cannot be limited to times of war? A Socialist doctor might decline to attend a capitalist, or a Tory doctor might refuse to cure a labor agitator on just as good grounds. For that matter, cases must even now occur in our convict

prisons where doctors may well wonder whether curing the criminal is for the good of the country? But where is the process to stop if fallible individuals are to arrogate to themselves such powers?

As to the best method of dealing with objectors, of course, the most suitable penalty would be to deport them all to an island, if possible, in a spot where Germany could put her claws upon it; no protest would be made in this country. Unfortunately, that is not practicable. Perhaps, instead of being imprisoned, they might be disfranchized. It is difficult to see how persons who refuse to defend or obey the State can claim to have a share in governing it.—Yours, &c.,

A MEMBER OF THE MAJORITY.

April 19th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—One of our judges hearing a case last week in relation to the Military Service Act (an Act which for the first time recognized the Conscientious Objector other than the member of a peace sect) uttered the dictum that the Conscientious Objector "ought to be an outlaw."

It may be interesting to compare with this attitude of high British and American authorities towards the Conscientious Objector of earlier generations. In 1759, Bicknell, K.C., gave an opinion on the disputed point whether under the Militia Act of the previous year a Quaker who refused to serve could be imprisoned, in these terms:—

"I apprehend that the legislature, out of tenderness towards the Quakers' religious principles or scruples, who hold it unlawful to bear arms or fight in war, did not intend to make them liable to personal punishment."

This was in the height of the Seven Years' War. In the American War, Thurlow, then Attorney-General and later Lord Chancellor, gave a similar opinion, adding that anyone so imprisoned could be discharged by Habeas Corpus. In 1782, a militia officer urged the magistrates to force an unwilling Quaker at Sibford to serve, pleading that the militia was embodied, and it was a time of national danger. Lloyd Kenyon, at that time Attorney-General, considered the Act (19th Geo. III., c. 72) on which this claim was based, and replied:—

"It would be harsh measure if the legislature made any law pressing upon tender consciences, and if any clause affords two constructions it would be reasonable to adopt that construction which avoided so great severity."

In America, the yearly meeting of Friends for Pennsylvania and New Jersey presented an address to Washington on his election as President in 1789. This body, during the war, had officially exerted all its influence to keep its members from serving in or in any way helping the American forces. Yet Washington replied:—

"It is doing the people called Quakers no more than justice to say that (except their declining to share with others in the burdens of common defence) there is no denomination among us who are more exemplary and useful citizens. I assure you very especially that, in my opinion, the conscientious scruples of all men should be treated with great delicacy and tenderness; and it is my wish and desire that the laws may be always as extensively accommodated to them as a due regard to the protection and essential interest of the nation may justify."

Lastly, Abraham Lincoln, in the midst of the Civil War, wrote thus to a Quaker friend:—

"Your people have had, and are having, a very great trial. On principle and faith opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this dilemma some have chosen one horn, and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds, I have done, and shall do, what I could and can, in my own conscience under my oath to the law."

It may be added that in practice both Lincoln and Washington carried out their professions.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. H.

April 26th, 1916.

A RUPERT BROOKE MEMORIAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It has been decided to place in Rugby Chapel a Memorial of Rupert Brooke.

It will take the form of a Portrait Medallion in marble,

based upon a photograph by Sherril Schell which appears as the frontispiece of the 1914 volume of poems. The Medallion will be the work of Professor J. Havard Thomas.

No other Memorial of Rupert Brooke is at present in contemplation. This notice is therefore given to friends and admirers generally.

Contributions of £1 1s., or any lesser sum, may be sent to the Rev. H. H. Symonds, 15, Bilion Road, Rugby.

If any money remains over it will be given to the Royal Literary Fund.

When the Memorial is completed, notice will be sent to all who have contributed, together with a list showing the names of the subscribers, but not the amount of their subscriptions.—Yours, &c.,

F. M. CORNFORD.
A. A. DAVID.
E. MARSH.
H. H. SYMONDS.
R. WHITELAW.

Rugby. April, 1916.

Poetry.

SEA-WATER.

Unto the blackened landing slip,
Where in deep sea its piers run down,
There came the Rosse's little ship,
Bearing its freight from Sligo town.
What freight of youth and joy we bore
Beneath those piers when tides were kind,
And we came fluttering from shore
To play with water and with wind!
How kindly were the waters then
To us wee women and wee men!

Brown eyes and blue, as water clear,
Earth held no sight but made you glad.
Small hands that gripped the tarry pier,
Oh, what a hold on life you had!
Dear fearless heirs of earth and sky,
Secure your wide dominion lay:
How has the glory passed you by?
How are you sceptreless to-day?
O Brother, who played there with me,
Heard you the sorrow on the sea?

The lilting tides of Rosses sang
Their melodies upon our lips,
About the shores our voices rang.
And underneath the landing slips,
Where the bright waters lapped, no sound
Save the full tune of life I knew.
A laughing ocean wrapped me round.
Oh Brother, was it so with you?
Or did you hear across the sea
The wailing of eternity?

Once all your freights came safe to shore,
Sea-water, we were comrades dear,
But now your ships return no more,
And all your bays grow dark with fear.
How has the happy music died
In one wild moaning, east and west,
And wider gape with every tide
The wounds upon the water's breast!
And if perchance the night doth fall,
Why hear we not the dear home-call?

Calling us as it called us then,
When twilight stepped down Knocknarea,
Drooping her shadow o'er us when
The hour had come to cease from play.
Hearth-fire and home were in its call.
Shall the same voice not bid us come
As then, when sure of nesting, all
The downy heads were turning home?
Ah, heart, what Voice rings o'er the Sea:
"My children, gather home to Me"?

SUSAN L. MITCHELL.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Alfred Russel Wallace: Letters and Reminiscences." By James Marchant. (Cassell, 2 vols. 25s. net.)
 "The Nemesis of Docility: A Study of the German Character." By Edmond Holmes. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "Crises in the History of the Papacy." By Joseph McCabe. (Putnam. 10s. net.)
 "Nelson's History of the War." Vol. XI. By John Buchan. (Nelson. 1s. 3d. net.)
 "The Abyss." By Nathan Kussy. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)
 "Miss Million's Maid." By Mrs. Oliver Onions. (Hutchinson. 6s.)
 "Giosue Carducci et la France." Par Gabriel Maugain. (Paris: Champion. 6fr.)

SAMUEL PEPYS deserves so well of the world of books that it is natural to have some curiosity about his own reading and his literary tastes. Fortified with Mr. Wheatley's definitive edition of the "Diary," I have spent part of the holidays making a collection of Pepys's opinions about books. He was certainly a great book-lover. The pains he spent over the catalogue of his books, and the pleasure it gave him, would be proof enough. And if more were needed, there is his library, still at Magdalene College, Cambridge, with the books arranged in the identical presses which Pepys once set up in "as noble a closett as any man hath," and which pleased him so mightily. Its chief interest, besides the manuscript of the "Diary," is the wonderful collection of old ballads which Pepys formed, the largest in existence, and a valuable storehouse for all students of ballad poetry.

THE number of books on general literature in Pepys's library is, however, the best evidence of his eagerness and discrimination as a collector. Over and over again he vowed to himself "to lay out no more money on books for a great while," but he broke this as well as his other resolutions. We find him getting "well bound and good books from Holland," and when Nicholas Fouquet's library was sold in London, Pepys "did overlook a great many that a bookseller hath bought, and I did buy one Spanish work, 'Los Illustres Varones.'" And here is another typical passage from the "Diary":—

"Thence to St. Paul's Church Yard, to my bookseller's, and having gained this day in the office by my stationer's bill to the King about 40s. or £3, I did here sit two or three hours calling for twenty books to lay this money out upon, and found myself at a great loss where to choose, and do see how my nature would gladly return to laying out money in this trade. I could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's History of Paul's, Stow's London, Geener, History of Trent, besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's play, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's Worthys, the Cabbala or Collections of Letters of State, and a little book, Delices de Hollande, with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and Hudibras, both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies."

SERMONS and plays are so often mentioned in Pepys's "Diary" that it is reasonable to suppose that theology and the drama formed a great part of his reading. He had certainly a good knowledge of theology, and an eager interest in the current ecclesiastical controversies. Usher's "Body of Divinity," Stillingfleet's "Origines Sacre," and Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" were books that he read with care, and he even went to the length of purchasing Buxtorf's "Hebrew Grammar," while his comments on a new Concordance prove that it was diligently used. Fox's "Book of Martyrs" was another of his favorites, and Dr. William Lloyd's answer to the notorious Roger Palmer's "Catholique's Apology," he tells us did like him mightily, "it being a thing as well writ as most things that ever I read in my life, and glad I am that I read it." One of the paradoxes in Pepys's character is that though he was at heart decidedly a Puritan, he never tired of sneering against Nonconformity. He thought "Cabala, or an Impartial

Account of the Nonconformists' Private Designs" "a merry book" and "extraordinary witty," but he had the sense to pronounce Heylin's "Life of Laud" a "shrewd book, but one which I believe will do the Bishops in general no great good, but hurt, it pleads for so much Popish." Izaak Walton's "Life of Hooker," on the other hand, pleased him as much as anything he had read in a great while, and he returns more than once to its praises.

PEPYS's interest in theology was possibly heightened by his acquaintance with William Penn. He found Penn "a mighty merry talker," and was a little jealous when Penn visited Mrs. Pepys, but set it down to his "natural folly." Penn's first book, "Truth Exalted," he describes as "a ridiculous nonsensical book set out by Will. Pen for the Quakers; but so full of nothing but nonsense that I was ashamed to read in it." Of a later work, "The Sandy Foundation Shaken," he speaks more highly. He calls it "W. Pen's book against the Trinity." "I got my wife to read it to me; and I find it so well writ as, I think, it is too good for him ever to have writ it; and it is a serious sort of book, and not fit for everybody to read." In spite of his fondness for sermons, Pepys does not seem to have read many of them. He enjoyed criticizing the preacher. "Our Navy Chaplain" comes in for several strictures. On one occasion, we are told, "he preached a sad sermon, full of nonsense and false Latin," and on another, Pepys took refuge from the preacher's dulzness by reading through the Book of Tobit. As every reader knows, his conduct on similar occasions was often far less edifying. Sermons and theology were sometimes employed by Pepys as a discreet cover behind which he could make love. This, for example, is his account of his purchase of a copy of "The Golden Legend"—"So to Duck Lane, and there kissed bookseller's wife and bought 'Legend.'"

HISTORY and biography formed a large section of Pepys's reading. His generation were eager to have authentic information about the great events through which the nation had lately passed, and we find him describing so dull a work as Rushworth's "Collections" as "a book the most worth reading for a man of my condition, or any man that hopes to come to any publique condition in the world, that I do know." In addition to works on English history, Pepys read such books as Rycant's "Present State of the Ottoman Empire," Mariana's "History of Spain," and an unidentified "History of Algiers," probably because of their help to him in his duties as Secretary of the Navy. It must, however, have been human curiosity that led him to peruse Alvarez Semedo's "History of China," "a most excellent book with rare cuts," which he valued highly. I have already mentioned a couple of biographies which he read with interest. Fulke Greville's "Life of Sir Philip Sidney" and Edmonds's "Life of Julius Caesar" are two others which he was at some pains to procure.

PEPYS's foreign books were mainly French and Spanish. He tells us how he looked over some Spanish books at the foreign bookseller's in St. Paul's Churchyard, and with much ado kept himself from laying out money there. He sometimes had recourse to translations, for he writes of Roger L'Estrange's version of Quevedo's "Visions" that "the translation is, as to the rendering it into English expression, the best that ever I saw, it being impossible almost to conceive that it should be a translation." His French books included Mademoiselle de Scudéry's wearisome romance "Le Grand Cyrus," which Mrs. Pepys read along with him, the same author's "Ibrahim, ou l'illustre Bassa" in four volumes, La Calprenède's "Cassandre," and Bussy Rabutin's "Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules." The last is the book which caused the famous quarrel between Bussy Rabutin and his cousin, Madame de Sévigné. Pepys describes it as "a pretty libel against the amours of the Court of France." Pepys also possessed translations of some of Corneille's plays, and he looked for, and intended to buy, Florio's translation of Montaigne's "Essays," which was commended to him by Lord Arlington and Lord Blaney. It is not the least of Pepys's merits as a bookman that he collected solely in order to read.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.

"Fear God and Take Your Own Part." By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)

We in England, from varying points of view, have lately been lamenting the absence of a regular Parliamentary Opposition. In the United States the lack is not temporary, but of the essence of the Constitution. Hence there is no recognized place for the party leader, ex-president or other, when his term of office is over. No Opposition Front Bench is there for him to occupy. He cannot attack the Administration in any assembly, for the Senate is not quite good enough; and, of course, he could not dream of becoming a "boss." Should he be unwilling to retire from politics, he must apparently choose as his medium either the platform or the periodical press. Mr. Bryan, inevitably, takes to the platform. Mr. Roosevelt, with whom the pen is even more facile than the tongue, declines upon the magazines.

"Well," said the young poet of whose death two hemispheres were talking last year, "if this is Armageddon, I suppose one ought to be in it." By the same token, Theodore Roosevelt must be one of the most unhappy men alive. He, the only conceivable second to the Kaiser at such an hour, is out of it all. At the White House, instead of himself, there sits an exasperatingly unhurried President, whose destiny it may be to remain there for yet another five years. Mr. Roosevelt can do nothing but fulminate against the Administration, and that he does, month by month, in the "Metropolitan Magazine"—a widely-circulated publication which has no English parallel; and at the crisis of his country's fate he collects his papers under a title-phrase lifted from George Borrow's gipsy heroine. They fill, with the appendices, something over 400 pages. A not too arduous compression, and the excision of things said over and over would easily have reduced the volume to half its size. That would have meant a better book, but by just so much would it have been the less Rooseveltian.

The English reader's first and quite wholesome impulse is to greet this impassioned manifesto with a cheer; for the America that is pro-Ally, holding with a fierce intensity that the defeat of the Central Empires is an absolute necessity for freedom and civilization, finds in Mr. Roosevelt so full and resounding a voice. He denounces the timid neutrality which, he insists, has left the United States without a friend in the world; he proclaims the duty of effective protest against organized barbarism, and on behalf of the Western Democracy accepts full responsibility in regard to the violation of treaties and the destruction of small nations. What Briton can refuse a sympathetic response to such a champion? He conceives himself to be "applying eternal principles of right to concrete cases," and this congenial duty leads him to pour out upon President Wilson a stream of general and particular invective. But Mr. Roosevelt is a politician. He aspires to be once again a shaper of policies; and, accordingly, he must be judged by the record of word and deed. We are bound, that is to say, to ignore the present mood of religious exaltation, and to test Mr. Roosevelt's eternal principles in the light of a concrete case, familiar to all the world—Belgium.

In regard to the failure of the Wilson Government to stand by The Hague and to present an instant and unmistakable protest to Berlin, the indictment is merciless. Mr. Roosevelt says, and thoroughly believes, that the United States failed in its duty to humanity, and was guilty of a crime of omission which will stand against the American people for ever. And for that crime he holds Mr. Wilson to strict accountability. It is well to remember, he says, that neutrality is never moral, "and may be a particularly mean and hideous form of immorality." He cites in detail the clauses of the Convention of The Hague in order to prove that the obligation of the United States to take decisive action was absolute. And he adds:—

"The Hague Conventions were part of the supreme law of our land, under the Constitution. Therefore Germany violated the Supreme Law of our Land when she brutally wronged Belgium; and we permitted it without a word of protest."

Again, in the concluding chapter:—

"Belgium is the test of just how much our public servants and our professional humanitarians mean when they speak in favor of high ideals and lofty international morality."

We all agree: there is no better test. In 1914 Mr. Roosevelt was still a contributor to the New York "Outlook," the admirable weekly for which, during several years after his release from the Presidency, he bore a share of editorial responsibility. On September 23rd, 1914, he wrote over his own name in the "Outlook" an article which has lately been reproduced and energetically discussed in America. It contained the following passage:—

"It has been announced that no action can be taken that will interfere with our entire neutrality. It is certainly eminently desirable that we should remain entirely neutral, and nothing but urgent need would warrant breaking our neutrality and taking sides one way or the other. . . . Neutrality may be of prime necessity in order to preserve our own interests, to maintain peace in so much of the world as is not affected by the war, and to conserve our influence for helping toward the re-establishment of general peace when the time comes; for if any outside Power is able at such time to be the medium for bringing peace, it is more likely to be the United States than any other. But we pay the penalty of this action on behalf of peace for ourselves, and possibly for others in the future, by forfeiting our right to do anything on behalf of peace for the Belgians in the present. We can maintain our neutrality only by refusal to do anything to aid unoffending weak Powers which are dragged into the gulf of bloodshed and misery through no fault of their own. Of course it would be folly to jump into the gulf ourselves to no good purpose; and very probably nothing that we could have done would have helped Belgium. We have not the smallest responsibility for what has befallen her, and I am sure that the sympathy of this country for the suffering of the men, women, and children of Belgium is very real. Nevertheless, this sympathy is compatible with full acknowledgment of the unwisdom of our uttering a single word of official protest unless we are prepared to make that protest effective; and only the clearest and most urgent national duty would ever justify us in deviating from our rule of neutrality and non-interference."

Could anything be clearer? Later experience has led Mr. Roosevelt to feel that the Wilsonian adjuration to neutrality in word and thought stood for a despicable doctrine. But in the early autumn of 1914, while the world was reeling in contemplation of the rape of Belgium, Mr. Roosevelt was in full accord with Mr. Wilson and the vast majority of the American people. The fact does not convict Mr. Roosevelt of insincerity: we know how soon afterwards he changed his mind. But it does convict him of a defect in the matter of political honesty. When the time for action was here, he was for standing aloof; as also were Mr. Elihu Root and Senator Lodge, both of whom, now reinforcing Mr. Roosevelt's assaults upon the Government, were in a position in the Senate to protest against the interpretation of neutrality which they now abhor. Nine-tenths of wisdom, Mr. Roosevelt is fond of saying, is to be wise in time. Quite so: the time to be wise about Belgium was during August and September, 1914.

This point is crucial in regard to Mr. Roosevelt's position, but it is, of course, only a small part of our present concern with him. His book is first and last an argument for largely increased armaments. His demand, judged by contemporary standards, is not excessive. He wants a navy second in strength to that of England, and a regular army of 250,000. Mr. Wilson, he implies with sufficient plainness, is dishonest in his advocacy of Preparedness. He means nothing by it, and "no man can support Mr. Wilson without opposing the larger Americanism, the true Americanism." Preparedness is overwhelmingly the subject of the hour in the United States; and to one who has had opportunities lately of observing American feeling during the controversy there appear to be two things, chiefly, to say: First, that the American public has manifestly not yet made up its mind as to its relation to the Old World and the measure of its responsibilities in international affairs; secondly, that Preparedness, besides being exploited by certain special and sinister interests, is in the present stage giving rise to the most peculiar and topsy-turvy developments, which may have all kinds of results in the Presidential campaign. Mr. Roosevelt, to do him justice, always sees the force of a social appeal. He is, as we know, for universal military service. It is, he holds, entirely democratic; it makes for national cohesion and efficiency; "it would be a potent

means of securing a quickened social conscience," of bringing to the American people what they need more than all else, the sense of civic responsibility. Such contentions, worn threadbare on our side, are comparatively fresh across the Atlantic, where a large public is being influenced by the elaborate rhetoric of "Ordeal by Battle." America, one would think, would be quick enough to see the fallacy of the assumption that the drill-sergeant can achieve, in a decade or so, what all the normal influences of labor and association, culture and tradition, take ages to bring about. Mr. Roosevelt at least should know better. Four years ago, when he led the Progressives out of the Republican fold, he seemed to have grasped, in part at least, a conception of social justice. Does he, one wonders, reflect sometimes upon the indisputable fact that his strength then lay in the support of the very people whom he now abuses as flabby cosmopolitans given over to a pacifism at once silly and degrading? After all, they included not a few of the finest spirits in America. These, for the most part, seem now to be opposed to Mr. Roosevelt; and that may account for the pungency of his language about them. Nor does one quite expect a winner of the Nobel Peace Prize to declare that "not the smallest particle of good has come from the peace propaganda of the last ten years as carried on in America"; or that it has "represented a very considerable and real deterioration in the American character." For one thing, it has worked out towards the formulation of the League to Enforce Peace, which, since it proposes to put international might behind public right, is in exact agreement with Mr. Roosevelt's one constructive suggestion. But Mr. Roosevelt can always be rebuked out of his own mouth.

"Let us," he concludes, "be true to our democratic ideal, not by the utterance of cheap platitudes, not by windy oratory, but by living our lives in such manner as to show that democracy can be efficient in promoting the public welfare during periods of peace and efficient in securing national freedom in time of war."

Well, that is a platitude, a good rather than a cheap platitude of the day. It all depends, if one may adapt Mr. Roosevelt's own phrase, how you set about applying the eternal principle of right to the concrete case.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

THE ILLUSION OF RACE.

"The Ravings of a Renegade: The War Essays of Houston Stewart Chamberlain." Translated by CHARLES H. CLARKE, Esq., Ph.D. With an Introduction by LEWIS MELVILLE. (Jarrold. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Germans." By the Right Hon. J. M. ROBERTSON, M.P. (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE new and most sinister feature of this war, as compared with the wars of the past, is its consumption of every kind of human energy from the crudest to the most subtle. In every belligerent country we are ransacking all the products of muscle and intellect and emotion to distil some unsuspected explosive from their pulp; and the philosophers and historians have been as active as the brewers and bicycle-makers in this patriotic adaptation of their wares. We are fully conscious of this tendency in England, but we are not reluctant to concede the German claim that Germany has been incomparable in mobilizing all her moral and intellectual resources for the war; and the present volume of Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain's essays is certainly a powerful example of this *tour de force*.

Most of us saw through Mr. Chamberlain some years ago, when he published two large volumes on "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century." We imagined then (in our humility) that he sinned as an English *dilettante* toying with fragments of German knowledge. "Shoddiness" and "pretentiousness" were not ideas that we associated with German scientific or historical writing. Meanwhile, we have learnt that Mr. Chamberlain was a true pioneer of the latter-day German intellectuals, and that stale tags of German philosophy and incredibly superficial generalizations of "World-History" are very much at the heart of the German *Welt-Anschauung* in this Wilhelminian age. This gives Mr. Chamberlain's writings the value of symptoms, but we cannot say that these essays have any intrinsic

interest, and specimens of this kind of German literature ought to be translated in strictly limited quantities. Bernhardt was a host in himself, and we hope that British publishers will turn their attention now to books of a higher class, like Naumann's "Central Europe," or even the "German Policy" of that heavy-weight fire-eater Count von und zu Reventlow. We cannot laugh at them so much, but we can learn from them much more.

As for poor hectic Mr. Chamberlain, one laughs as soon as one quotes him. A few random quotations will be the best commentary on the book, and their irresistible absurdity will give the translator his reward. Here are some sentences from the essay "On the German Language":—

"Between the living and the dead no comparison is possible, and the former has an infinite advantage over the latter" (Fichte)—therefore all direct comparisons between the German language and the Neo-Latin languages are entirely devoid of sense."

"When once the German has gained the victory—be it to-day or in a hundred years; the necessity remains the same—then there will be no more important task than to enforce the German language on the world. Everywhere, even among foreign races, there are, among hundreds of thousands, men of great talents and of noble mind; without a knowledge of German, they remain excluded from the highest range of culture."

"As I believe in God, so I believe in the Holy German Language."

In the essays on "Germany's Love of Peace" and "Germany as the Leading Power," Chamberlain the philologist becomes Chamberlain the publicist—an even more farcical "turn":—

"By means of the Press, which can do so much to spread the truth, mendacity has, in the hands of a few individuals, grown to a power beyond conception throughout the world; we see it drastically in the war-news published in the foreign press, and yet how harmless are lying reports of victories in comparison with the systematic poisoning of a whole nation by a plan of lying which has been carefully thought out and carried on for years. . . . Here a terrible thing is revealed; lies have exactly the same effect as truth, for they are believed."

It is poignantly true; yet, if Mr. Chamberlain had ever gone behind the veil in what he calls "the Temple of the General Staff at Berlin," he would have remembered the parable of the mote and the beam.

Anyone who reads the essay on "England" will learn how our present depravity is the inevitable result of the Norman Conquest and the Agrarian Revolution of the Sixteenth Century—an unlooked for lifting of the load from our own shoulders. He will also find a brilliantly fantastic passage on the trial of Warren Hastings—the best thing in the book—and be reminded severely that, though he may pride himself on the Reformation, "the separation of the Established Church took place as a purely political measure of the very absolute King, Henry VIII., nearly without consulting Parliament. The inhabitants of England went to bed as Roman Catholics, and awoke the next morning as Anglicans." At this point we can almost hear Mr. Robertson interpellating, "*Cuius regio, eius religio*"; but we have not quite finished with Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Robertson must wait.

It is only fair to mention that in Mr. Chamberlain's comparisons between England and Germany the verdict is not always in Germany's favor. In his essay on "Germany as a leading Power," he is driven to exclaim: "The German national vigor should not become a parody of itself in the unbearably trivial form of the German Reichstag. What a satire on the tragic events of 1914 is the Zabern debate which preceded them, and ended with the disgraceful, and at the same time, ridiculous, vote of censure!" "And how much greater progress Germany would have made in Alsace-Lorraine," he adds, in the essay on "Germany," "if she had followed Cromwell's precept in Ulster instead of the dictates of a weakly humanitarianism."

It is fortunate that we can offer so prompt and so effective an antidote to this kind of thing as Mr. J. M. Robertson's book on "The Germans." "There is nothing more brutal in the world," says Mr. Chamberlain, in his essay on "England," "than the brutal Englishman. He has no other resource than his brutality. Generally speaking, he is not a bad man; he is frank, energetic, full of animal spirits; but he is as ignorant as a Kaffir, passes through no school of discipline and respect, knows no other

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ideal than to 'hack his way through.' We suspect that Mr. Chamberlain had a vision of his English critics when he penned these lines, and if he has read Mr. Robertson's book (as he probably has by now) he will certainly have set him down as the perfect English type. Not that Mr. Robertson is out after Mr. Chamberlain's particular scalp; his quarry is the whole troupe of pseudo-scientists and pseudo-historians, of which Mr. Chamberlain is a member, and he harries them with all the skill of the practised controversialist.

The book is divided into two somewhat slenderly connected parts—"The Teutonic Gospel of Race" and "The Old Germany and the New." In the first part he exposes the strong vein of charlatanism in recent empirical ethnology, and cancels out the conflicting hypotheses of the adepts by cleverly-chosen counter-quotations. Whether you have a long head like a negro, or a short head like a negrito, or are a "blonde brute" like the Ostiaks and the Hairy Ainos, or an "Alpine Brunette" like so many of the Osmanli Turks, he makes equally short work of your divine right to be a dominant race. In all this marshalling and dragooning of ethnological writers, moreover, he shows a true instinct for sifting the genuine from the false, and pays just tribute to such students as Ripley and Deniker. The whole argument is conducted with an unfailing good nature and an equally unfailing humor which to Mr. Chamberlain would certainly seem "brutality" of the most outrageous kind. We only regret that Mr. Robertson has not a little more of the "ignorance of the Kaffirs." The exuberance of his knowledge at times overmasters him, and leaves us with a stupefied sense of so many ninepins being knocked down at once that we cannot keep count of the score. But, after all, Mr. Robertson's object was to clear the ground, and he has cleared it with a vengeance. It was a piece of negative criticism that had long needed doing, and every true ethnologist will breathe the freer for its brilliant execution in the present book.

The second part of the book is a broad retrospect of German history, conducted chiefly on literary and philosophical ground. Here, too, the humor is admirably sustained. For instance, the trenchant and almost aggressively well-documented chapter on the evil condition of Germany after the Reformation is capped with an immortal quotation from a German race-prophet to the effect that "in the middle of the sixteenth century there appears to be a retrogression of the Germanic type, and a visible increase of the dark and round-headed type." And when we have read Mr. Chamberlain's transcendental description of the Thirty Years' War as "an episode in a process of fermentation, of convalescence, of purification," we cannot help rejoicing to see the very different colors in which Mr. Robertson paints that war from unimpeachable contemporary sources. The prophets of *Deutschtum* are, indeed, so thoroughly debauched in what Mr. Robertson aptly calls their "auto-intoxication" that they are fair game for any amount of baiting; and yet in a way Mr. Robertson proves too much. The dialectical rapier is always double-pointed, and we can imagine an ingenious German (or, to make sure of the requisite humor, let us say an ingenious Young Turk) elaborating an astonishingly similar retrospect of the history of England. The second part of Mr. Robertson's book is as good reading as the first, but we doubt whether it is of equal critical value.

A FRENCH LIEUTENANT.

"In the Field." By MARCEL DUPONT. Translated by H. W. HILL. (Heinemann. 3s 6d net.)

"IN THE FIELD," the impressions of a French cavalry officer of the war, from Charleroi till Christmas, 1914, is valuable both as a testimony to the fighting spirit of the French Army and as a psychological contribution, extremely precise in its veracity. The author shows, indeed, no original literary talent, but he possesses the national gift of clear analysis and lucid exposition. The fact that his book is only faintly stamped with his own individuality, and that he appears here merely as a type of hundreds of thousands of gay-spirited, brave young Frenchmen, perhaps emphasizes his story's interest as a national document.

On August 28th, 1914, M. Marcel Dupont, a Lieutenant of Chasseurs, was ordered to leave the dépôt where he was helping to train the reserve squadrons and rejoin his regiment at the Front. He gets no news of what is going on till he is well within the fighting zone, when an engine-driver tells him that the French Army is retreating rapidly, has recrossed the Belgian frontier, and is now fighting on French soil. All the officers he meets are dumbfounded and savage. Nobody can understand these mysterious orders to evacuate tenable positions, withdraw from railway stations, and fall back towards L—. What does it mean? With some difficulty the Lieutenant finds out where his regiment is engaged, and, making for the spot with his orderly and his three horses, he comes across bands of fugitive civilians and horses dead by the roadside, and then he plumps by luck straight into a battle. First he notes numbers of artillery wagons sheltered behind ridges, the horses dirty, thin, and covered with sores, asleep on their feet, and cadaverous, exhausted men, in dingy uniforms, lying about in the hot sun, snoring, oblivious of the battle. Two batteries of artillery, under cover of the brow of a hill, were firing away rapidly, and when the Lieutenant gains the further slope he has a panoramic view of German shells bursting incessantly on a height 1,500 yards away, of meadows with large sections of infantry crouching behind every available bit of cover, of long lines of skirmishers deployed on the opposite slope, with puffs of smoke, white, black, and yellow, from the German shells, dotted over their heads.

What the Lieutenant sees, in fact, is a picture of the old-fashioned battlefield, one that you may view in the nineteenth-century pictures and line engravings, with the staff grouped together on a ridge in the right-hand corner; and there, sure enough, the staff and General T. were watching the action from behind some stacks. But to get there the Lieutenant had to cross a sloping stubble-field, and there lay a score of dead Zouaves, just as they had fallen, their rifles by their sides, their bayonets fixed, and our gallant young Frenchman tells us that at sight of them a sob broke from his lips. The sight, somehow, was a violent shock to him. A staff captain, with hard and sombre eyes, tells him in exasperated tones: "Yes, certainly we are advancing! But that won't prevent us from beginning our retreating movement at noon! These are express orders for the whole Army! And we shall sleep twenty kilometres from here, and not in the right direction!" It is the retreat from the Sambre to the Marne, with no one understanding the why or the wherefore, and the Lieutenant, with all his comrades, feels a deep hopelessness, an immense discouragement. And so it continues for a week; each day the enemy is repulsed, each day the French Army retires with bitter resignation. And even the one glorious hour in the retreat, when the Lieutenant's squadron is ordered to charge the Uhlans, is a cheat. The cavalymen had, to a man, felt conscious of an immense elation. Thank Heaven! they were to have the honor of attacking first, "every man prepared to perform exploits which, we felt sure, would astonish the rest of the regiment, of the Army, and of France. Forward! Forward! Forward!" And then the Uhlans slipped back into the edge of the wood, leaving a cyclist detachment waiting with levelled rifles behind an impassable barrier of wire. The Chasseurs spurring forward, saw the wire first when 200 yards off, and wheeled obliquely, losing only one man and three slightly wounded.

But the great day comes, September 5th, when General Joffre's historic order to advance is read aloud by the Colonel to the officers of the brigade. The hideous retreat is over, and the Lieutenant has the great honor of being the man to whom falls the duty of reconnoitring to find out whether the village of Courgivault is occupied by the Prussians. There is something charming in the candor with which he confesses his confidence that he would be equal to his task, and his pride in the idea that his information would direct the fire of the hundreds of guns and the attack of the many thousands of men watching him as he rode off with his patrol of five men. The Lieutenant acted with circumspection, but he was lucky. For, after cautiously passing through two belts of woodland and nearing the village, he halted his men and surveyed through his glasses a large farm which barred his road. No sign of life was visible, a suspicious thing at 6.15 a.m.; but then the

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occupants may have fled. They are approaching along a poplar-bordered road, when a shrewd trooper halts. It seemed to him that a head rose above the grass there beyond the stacks. And, in fact, three hundred German sharpshooters lying there have been watching the approach of the Lieutenant and his men for a long time. However, as we have said, fate is kind, and the Colonel receives Lieutenant Dupont's report, and the Battle of the Marne begins within the hour. The wave of patriotic elation at the news of the victorious advance is reflected in a few simple but expressive lines:—

"Under a superbly clear sky, lit up by myriads of stars, the brigade, in a high state of delight, crossed the battlefield on returning to camp. Above our heads the last shells sent by the enemy were bursting in bouquets of fire. We paid no attention to them. . . . Fires started by the shells lit up the battlefield on every side, like torches set ablaze for our glory. All hearts were filled with joy. It hovered over the blood-stained country, from which arose a kind of intoxication that took possession of our souls. How splendid is the evening of a first victory!"

Against the above passage may be set the impressive description in "A Tragic Night in the Trenches," of the effect of a solemn, harmonious hymn sung in the German trenches preparatory to an assault on the French lines. The Lieutenant pays the fullest tribute to the enemy's noble and inspiring music, to the "ardor, unanimity, and art with which these men proclaimed their faith before rushing on death . . . the singing conveyed a disturbing impression of disciplined and ordered piety. To what lengths these men carry their love of command and obedience." But the hymn was suddenly broken off, and from thousands of German throats came the cry: "Hurrah! Hurrah! Cavalry! Cavalry!" with the notes of the Prussian trumpets sounding the charge. But the French cavalymen, in a fury of "blind rage and of exasperated lust for destruction," kept up such a fusillade, helped by their machine-guns, that the German line dropped to the ground in the fog, and absolute silence reigned on the bare plain. Nothing moved, till, at last, the French saw a slim shadow rise, gallantly, stand motionless, raise his arm slowly, and in a hoarse voice yell, "Auf." And the German riflemen rose in a body, and again rushed forward, only to be mown down in bunches by the infernal fire of the machine-guns. The German hymn had, indeed, heralded the arrival of half the company before the gates of Paradise. The final chapter, "Christmas Night," with its touching description of a German chaplain moving slowly along the edge of the whole line of the enemy's positions, singing a solo, while at each fresh point hundreds of voices responded in chorus, taking up the refrain of the hymn, "with its sweet and mysterious words," while the French troops listened spell-bound, without firing a shot, is tragic in its irony. One asks, must patriotic faith and religious instinct for ever remain ready to the command of the most barbarous impulses of human nature?

QUALIFIED OPTIMISM.

"Christianity and War." Preached in the Temple Church by H. G. WOODS, D.D., late Master of the Temple. With Memoir by MARGARET L. WOODS. (Robert Scott. 3s. net.)

To those to whom it seems that the religious world is busy for the most part over things which have nothing to do with religion, and that its leaders either share the illusion of the rank and file, or are too timid to set themselves in opposition to it, these sermons will be welcome. The matter with which they deal is not contentious; they contain neither rhetoric nor sentiment; the congregation to which they were addressed is one which has at once an instinct for the actual and a distaste for mere oratory; the first quality of the book is restraint. Throughout there is a suggestion of reserve; a suggestion rather conveyed than spoken—and self-imposed, because a man's deeper thoughts are necessarily unuttered. Hence the impression of space left on the reader: more is indicated than is said.

The best Anglican sermons are of the essay type. Those of the late Master of the Temple are eminently so: their balance, their literary style, their solid and sustained thought belong rather to the written than to the spoken word. In the last of these qualities at least he is superior

to his immediate predecessors in the Temple pulpit; the epithet "judicious," familiar in connection with Hooker, who occupied it—curiously enough without much notoriety—in the great days of Elizabeth, applies with exactness to the sermons contained in this book. Dr. Woods was not, and could never have been, a popular preacher; but educated men and women found qualities in his preaching—a thoroughness, a sincerity, a seriousness—which they missed in preachers of greater name. It is probable that the reason was that he was rather a humanist than a theologian, and that his sermons struck the human, not the ecclesiastical or controversial, note. "His was neither a theological nor a metaphysical mind," says Mrs. Woods, in her short but singularly suggestive and informing memoir; "he had neither a talent nor a taste for subtleties of thought." And "he set himself to teach Christian character," writes a colleague. "He preached not as the constructive theologian, or the ecclesiastical statesman. He loved the character of our Lord Jesus Christ, and he tried to stir the same love in others."

The distinctive mark of these sermons, preached as they were in failing health and in days of public calamity, is that qualified and reasoned optimism which is impressed upon us by the survey both of the world without us and of the world within; "that great truth which lies at the bottom of all broad-minded religion, that the Divine Sower is always at work in the world, letting his seed fall on the good soil and on the bad."

"Is it not so with the individual life? Look within your hearts; look back on your past; look at that side of your life and character which is known only to yourself and God. How gradual, and yet how real, has been your growth."

"Our difficulties about death have been immeasurably lessened by the great fact that Christ died. . . . The divine conception of what makes a life complete is probably very different from ours. . . . there can be no thought of waste about those lives which have been so freely laid down for the general good."

"We cannot altogether disentangle religion from the other factors of life. It has a bearing upon them, and they upon it. We may regard religion as the one thing needful; but it will not have for us all the fullness and richness that it might have, unless we take into account the higher secular elements of our civilization. Every good gift, secular as well as spiritual, is from above."

Throughout, the conception of religion is that not of an exotic—a plant of hothouse growth, to be sheltered in an enclosed compartment—but of the fine flower of mental, moral, and physical life. As such it has the sure promise of the future; for it is the central fact of history and of man.

PROBLEMS.

"Unhappy in Thy Daring." By MARIUS LYLE. (Melrose. 5s. net.)

"Her Assigned Husband." By AMBROSE PRATT. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.)

"Christina's Son." By W. M. LETTS. (Wells Gardner. 6s.)

"UNHAPPY IN THY DARING" is a £250 prize novel, and so, of course, the legitimate prey of the reviewer. It is impossible to guess by what sort of artistic standards a competitive novel is judged, but one's natural suspicions are that they must be the wrong ones. One cannot imagine a publisher handing over £250, just for the sheer love of art. Something fashionably realistic or pseudo-literary or heart-fluttering or magnificently ebullient or "topically clever"—that is what one expects. Certainly not a novel like "Unhappy in Thy Daring," which is a gallant failure to achieve something outside the area of popular expectations. Shelagh Lynch is a high-spirited Irish girl of the landed gentry class, who marries a dilettante artist, Rupert Standish, who, though with a comfortable income and a liberal measure of social ease, is rather despised as an eccentric by Shelagh's hunting and pleasure-loving associates. The married life of the pair at Standish's small estate, Dromore—his quizzical, æsthetic adoration of her grace and beauty, her royal disregard of his abilities, and gay admiration of his charming personality—is admirably described, with just the right balance of emphasis and suggestion. Into this mutually tolerant household comes Hester, Shelagh's half-sister. Hester, we are told, is so

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ugly that Standish, when he is with her, is so repelled that he has to sit with his back to her. Her contribution to life is an encyclopedic power of memorizing and classifying facts; and, with this capacity for assimilating knowledge as her armament, she deliberately sets out to destroy the peace and unity of Shelagh and Standish's marriage. "Marius Lyle" is none too clear as to her motives. Jealousy of Shelagh's attractiveness and a disposition to filch the gifted Rupert away from his wife to her uncomely self seem hardly adequate for the career of odious persecution, malice, and duplicity she so readily adopts. At any rate, she compels Rupert to herself by the exercise of her dominant will and by her project of writing an antiquarian dictionary in collaboration with him. She soon has the house in chaos, and, by forging a document to transfer to her £50,000 of Shelagh's money, causes her (on the discovery of the fraud) a lingering and dangerous illness. She has finally to leave the house, and, through overwork in London, contracts brain-fever, and loses her mental faculty for storage. She bears a child to Rupert, and is forgiven by Shelagh, but, in despair at the failure of her powers and schemes, puts an end to herself, and leaves the couple to their reconciliation. A mere summary of the material exposes the flaws in this ambitious novel. Hester is too grotesque a figure to capture our convictions for a moment. Rupert is a straw too insignificant for all the publicity that beats upon him, and Shelagh's submission to Hester to the extent of pining away under a serious illness, too incongruous with her masterful brilliance for our credibility. The truth is that "Marius Lyle's" workmanship is too lazy and slipshod to carry out its adventurous and difficult task. The transitions in the psychology are a case in point. They are so fumblingly managed that Shelagh, Hester, and Rupert become quite different people at the end of the book to what they were at the beginning. It is a great pity, because it is an unusually well-written book, and the author has qualities which, with care and training, promise fine developments.

Mr. Pratt tells us in all solemnity that his story is "founded on fact." How frequently it happens that facts are an artificial distortion of truth! "Her Assigned Husband" is the tale of a gentlemanly pickpocket of a Cloud-Cuckoo-Land of the eighteenth or early nineteenth century, who marries an heiress, and shortly afterwards is caught and transported to Botany Bay. The lady of his choice forthwith buys an estate near the prison, and procures her husband as a laborer upon it. From a refined motive of revenge, she subjects the wretched man to every kind of indignity, ill-treatment, and persecution. She sets him the most menial tasks; she puts a brutal overseer upon him to break his spirit; she provokes him by every kind of insidious method to insubordination; she has him flogged till he swoons; she has him sent off to the Bush with every prospect of being killed by the aborigines, and when that fails, sets her cousin to murder him outright. The hapless pickpocket endures this fiendish treatment with all obedience, cheerfulness, and fortitude, and by his noble forbearance actually reduces the overseer to tears and devotion. Finally, when she has made the amiable thief drink a potion which he takes to be poison and induces him to confess that he loved her all the time, she forgives him and procures him a pardon. And the abject convict promptly takes his wife again to his bosom with positive boisterousness. How very romantic some facts can be!

Miss Letts tells a story of a Victorian mother, who is passionately devoted to her son Laurence, an architect. He

marries a flighty young lady, Lucilla, upon whose desertion of him to run away with another man, he throws himself off the church-tower. The mother, after a period of bitter hatred towards Lucilla, pardons her when she is left destitute, and brings up her child. The book as a whole is without much force or distinction. But there is a gentle strain of criticism towards conventional morality, and a certain spiritual fragrance which is rare enough in these days, and redeems it from the barrenness of the merely average.

The Week in the City.

THERE have been no active movements in the City since the Easter holidays. The American Market has been a little firmer, as Wall Street apparently is beginning to think that the German Government will climb down far enough to prevent a diplomatic rupture. Copenhagen reports state that the crisis with America has reduced German shipping shares to a low record, the fear, of course, being that German ships interned in America might be confiscated. It is remarkable that the outbreak in Dublin has had so little visible effect upon the Stock Exchange. The gravity of the financial position and the growing dependence of France upon British credit are more and more recognized. On the other hand, the pressure on Germany is in some respects more intense. For example, its textile mills are now practically idle for want of raw material—wool, cotton, and jute being alike unobtainable. I have been reading in one of the New York papers Sir Edward Holden's questions to Dr. Helfferich, and Dr. Helfferich's replies. Sir Edward's questions were published in England, but not in Germany, and Dr. Helfferich's answers have been published in Germany, but not in England. Dr. Helfferich's final argument on the question of financial exhaustion is a statement that every Englishman is paying on an average about two shillings a day for the war, while the German is only paying one shilling. He admits that Germany's exports have seriously diminished.

SHIPPING AND SHIPBUILDING PROFITS.

The reports of two companies which are enjoying abnormal prosperity have appeared this week, namely, Fredk. Leyland & Co., the well-known shipping company, and Swan, Hunter, and Wigham Richardson, a prominent shipbuilding concern. It is hard to understand the complaints of certain shipowners that the shipping industry of this country is suffering at the hands of neutral shippers when results like that of Fredk. Leyland & Co. are published. Profits have increased from £412,200 to no less than £1,196,700; only five years ago a loss of £6,000 was recorded. The arrears of preference dividend, amounting to over £318,000, are wiped off, and an ordinary dividend—the first since 1901—of 10 per cent., together with a bonus equal to an average dividend of 1½ per cent. per annum since the last declaration, is to be paid, absorbing £294,000. The depreciation allowance has been raised from £214,400 to £245,000, while the reserve fund, which was withdrawn in 1904, is reopened with £750,000. The Debentures have been redeemed and cancelled. The Swan, Hunter results are not quite so startling, but profits have risen from £234,100 to £321,700, and the dividend is raised from 10 to 12½ per cent. The various reserve allocations amount to £150,000, as against £90,000 a year ago, while the balance carried forward is increased by over £11,000.

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THE Annual General Meeting of this Company was held on the 26th inst., at Winchester House, E.C. Mr. George B. Dodwell presided, and in moving the adoption of the report said that for the year under review they were in the happy position of recording both an increase in crop and an increase in price with the highly satisfactory results disclosed by the accounts, results which gave him not the less satisfaction in that they accorded with the forecast he was venturesome enough to make a year ago. The Company's Colonial expenses for 1915 were £174,524, as against £180,760 for the previous year, and as their output was 3,543,112 lbs., as compared with 3,382,147 lbs., there was an increase of 160,965 lbs. of rubber, with a decrease in cost of £6,236. Immigration of labour of all kinds was suspended or curtailed at the beginning of the war, while, on the other hand, coolies returned to their native countries more freely than usual, this being especially marked among the Chinese, upon whose labour they depended in Malacca to a very considerable extent. In other words, their supplies were practically cut off, and the wastage was larger than usual. It would, he was afraid, take some time before the labour position could become as satisfactory from their point of view as it was before the war. During the year further purchases of Debentures were made, and the mortgage liability had been reduced. The crop for the first three months of the present year was 702,700 lbs., as against 854,700 lbs. for the corresponding period of last year. The drop was mainly a matter of climatic conditions, as they had had the worst drought on record in Malacca recently, and returns from the district were, speaking generally, considerably down. Recent advices informed them that rain had recommenced, and it was to be hoped that the effects of the drought would soon pass away. In view of the shortage for the first quarter and the uncertainty of the labour position, the Board did not care to commit themselves to an increased estimate for the current year, but hoped that 3,500,000 lbs., as estimated in the report, would be obtained. The war continued to make heavy demands upon their European staff, and they were greatly indebted to those in Malacca who were facing difficult conditions with depleted numbers. The Board were continuing to make what, he thought, might be called a liberal allowance to those members of their staff who were on active service, a policy which they took for granted would meet with the shareholders' cordial approval.

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